RAILROAD

ARCH 1977

MAGAZINE $1.00

AN EXCITING OFFER TO RAILROAD MAGAZINE READERS

Now . . . brand new . . . RAILROAD Magazine is proud to offer on a limited basis the above reproduction of "The Twin Stack" in full color.

A 22 x 28 print in full color for only $10.00.

This reproduction was made from a black and white photograph by the famous railroad photographer Don Wood. There are no color photos of this engine and the artist's rendering is accurate in every detail.

ACT NOW. Perfect for framing. Collector's item.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE DEPT. BB
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ **BILL ME ☐**

$10.00 includes shipping and handling

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ **ZIP**_____

RAILROAD Magazine

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

March, 1977
Vol. 101, No. 5
ONE DOLLAR

FREEMAN HUBBARD
EDITOR

GORTON T. H. WILBUR
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

MICHAEL A. EAGLESON
STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

JIM EDMONSTON
DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

BARBARA KREIMER
INFORMATION BOOTH

STEVE MAGUIRE
TRANSIT TOPICS

SY REICH
TECHNICAL EDITOR

HARRY C. EGNER
PUBLISHER

BILL BALGLEY
ADVERTISING MANAGER

ROBERT SMREK
PRODUCTION MANAGER

JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO
CIRCULATION MANAGER

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: POSTMASTER—Please mail Form 3579 notice to: RAILROAD, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302

FEATURES AND STORIES

John B. Norwood, Interesting Railfan 171
by Freeman Hubbard 10
Photographs of the Month 20
Screaming Wheels *(fiction story)*
by Harry Bedwell 27
Steamy Swaziland in Southern Africa
by Michael A. Eagleson 32
Wanderlust *(A boomer's life-story, Part 2)*
by Maxwell Swan 38
Phantom of the Century *(poem)*
by Tom Albertson 49

DEPARTMENTS

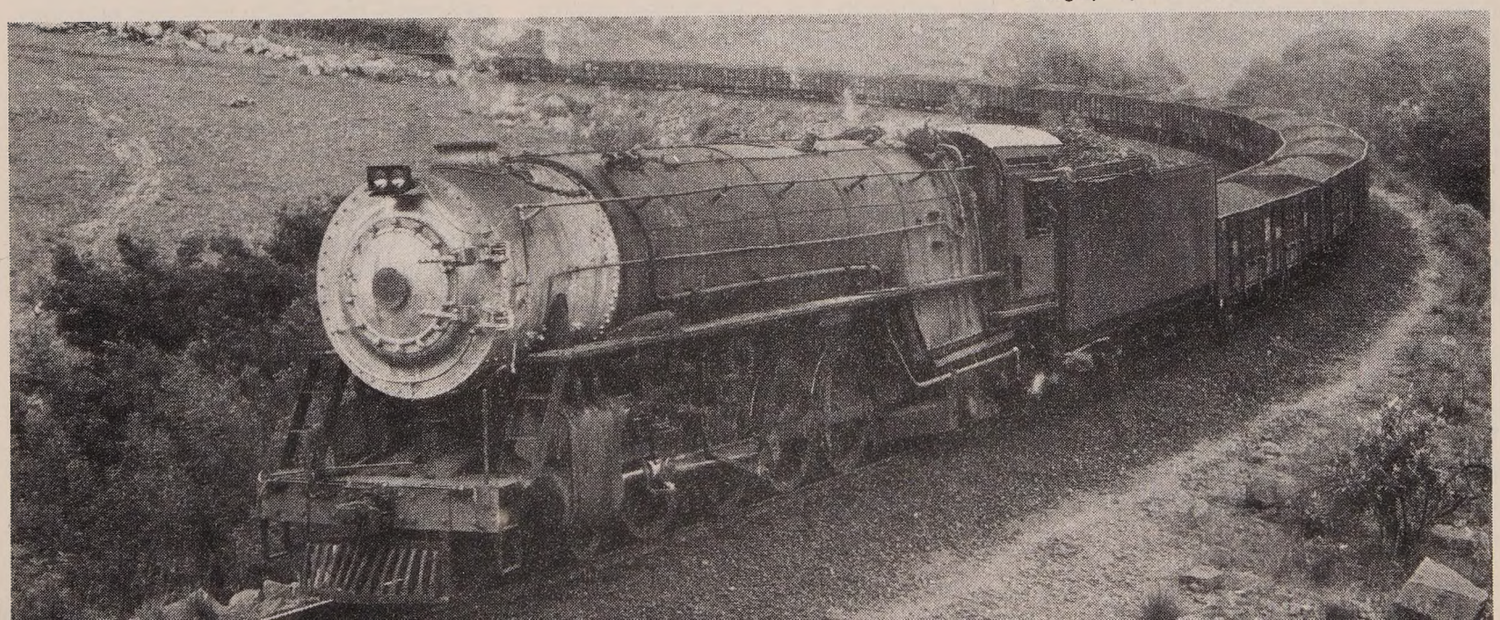
The Mail Car 2
Passenger Train Survey ... 24
In Search of Steam
by Mike Eagleson 26
Information Booth
by Barbara Kreimer 46
Transit Topics
by Steve Maguire 50
Trackside in the Diesel Age
by Jim Edmonston 53
The Hobby Club
by Sy Reich 58
Books of the Rails
by Gorton T.H. Wilbur 60
The Switch List 62
Coming Events 64
Pen Pals Wanted 74

RAILROAD MAGAZINE is published monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York and additional mailing offices.

Copyright © 1977 by Popular Publications, Inc., under Universal, International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form.

Single copy $1.00 Subscription in U.S.A.: one year $10, two years $18. Elsewhere: one year $12, two years $22. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office. Send all subscriptions and renewals to Railroad Magazine, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302. Address other mail to 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Printed in U.S.A. Please query the editor before submitting manuscripts. We exercise care in handling unsolicited material, but assume no responsibility for its return.

Swaziland Railways 4-8-2 No. 704 eases heavy ore train down grade near Matsapha.
Photograph by Mike Eagleson



THE MAIL CAR where editors and readers meet

It's 6:15 a.m. on Sunday, Sept. 26, 1976, as Canadian National 6060 stands gently boiling in the morning dew at end of steel in Clermont, Que., Murray Bay Sub., shielded by wood pulp cars.

Gus R. Portelance, 1430 St. Marc St., Apt. 1007, Montreal, Que.

PLACING white flags on the Canadian National train pictured on our front cover is not an act of capitulation, as any well-informed reader can tell you, but that the train has been duly authorized to run "extra," or non-scheduled. The white flags symbolize its right-of-way privileges in non-signalled areas along the CN system. Our color-shot was made by a CN staff photographer.

Turning now to the back cover, we see Chessie System locomotive 3244, an EMD GP-38 resting at East Salamanca, N.Y., on January 15, 1976, just outside an old station that originally belonged to the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh (later Baltimore & Ohio). The 3844, looking somewhat forlorn in the falling snow, was photographed by John D. Bartley, RD 6, Box 66, Clifton Park, N.Y. 12065.

The Personality Parade

OUR MOST PROLIFIC writer of fact articles, Rockwood T. Roberts, died recently at his home in Albany, N.Y. "Rocky," as he was called, was an ICC locomotive inspector for many years. Beginning with our Feb. '33 issue and ending with November '54, *Railroad Magazine* published 106 of his manuscripts. That's right, 106. Nearly all of them were technical studies accompanying our *Light of the Lantern* department (now called *Information Booth).* Rocky covered such subjects as the airbrake, locomotive maintenance, the wrecking crane, firedoors, the Johnson bar, locomotive performance, the steam turbine, mechanical stokers, valve gear, diesel-electric motors, etc. He also wrote a few true tales for us. As for his life story, Rocky was rather secretive, never wanting personal publicity.

THE FIRST women trained as locomotive firemen by the Missouri Pacific Lines are Mrs. Darline Kurz and Mrs. Rosetta Taylor. Both had been MP accounting department clerks. Their training included learning the names and numbers of all tracks in St. Louis, how to flip rail switches, how to fuel diesel locomotives, how to read gages, and how airbrakes work.

AT AGE 109, Emile Leloup, a French railway man, died a short time ago. The journal *La Vie du Rail* lists 17 centenarians (16 men, one woman) among the retired French railway employees, the oldest being Jean Thomas, born Jan. 18, 1972. Elsewhere, British Rail pensioner William Wilson passed away last October 8th, 11 days after his 104th birthday. And in America, George Clark, a retired Union Pacific engineer, observed his 100th birthday last October 19th at his home in Brigham City. He railroaded 45 years, retiring in 1945. "In the old days," he said, "engines didn't have speedometers, but if you altered your speed as much as five miles per hour you were called on the carpet." His limit in those days was 70, judged by counting the passing telegraph poles.

BESIDES being a noted railroad artist and one of our *Interesting Railfans,* Peter Helck, Boston Corners, R.D. 2, Millerton, N.Y. 12546, is an authority on automobile races. This sport has fascinated him ever since boyhood, when racing enthusiasts idolized wealthy

amateurs, rather than professionals. Peter has written and beautifully illustrated a large, exciting, informative book, *Great Auto Races.* It has 266 pages (13x11½") and 217 illustrations, including 90 color plates, and may be had from Long Island Automotive Museum, Museum Square, Southampton, N.Y. 11968, for $46.50 postpaid (plus sales tax where applicable).

THICKET PORTAGE in northern Manitoba has no road access, Gord Toms writes in the Canadian National magazine *Keeping Track.* When flying to Thompson to have her baby, CN section foreman Terry Chidlow and Joe Zaplitney at Thompson responded to a local doctor's call for help by taking him the 46 miles to Thicket Portage by track motor car.

The doctor wanted the pair in Thompson hospital, so Terry Chidlow called the dispatcher at The Pas. Chief train dispatcher Glen Gallagher authorized a light locomotive and caboose to operate immediately from Wabowden, 48 miles to the south, to pick up the woman, the baby, a local nurse, and the doctor, and take them to Thompson.

"Everyone went to a lot of trouble for us," the woman said a week later, "and my husband and I appreciate this very much."

INSTEAD of enjoying a party on his 28th birthday last November 11th, Jeffrey Fritzges of Catasauqua, Pa., drove his small car that day around railroad crossing gates into a slowly-moving Conrail train and was killed, reports Choo-Choo Charlie of Bethlehem, Pa. Police said the electronic crossing gates were down from both sides and red warning flights were flashing when the incident occurred at 3:32 a.m. Liquor bottles found in the car indicate the driver may have been drinking. Two men riding with him were injured.

Famous last words. "Don't worry girls. Whenever I say stop, they stop!"
Drawn by Josepn Easley

RAILFANETTE Jo Ann R. Mills (age 45), P.O. Box 1414, Downey, Calif. 90240, a collector of railroadiana, who has four issues of our magazine prior to 1917, including Vol. 1, No. 1, Oct. 1906, and two C&NW timetables of 1871 and 1887 respectively, wants to hear from readers with Petaluma & Santa Rosa items for sale or trade.

"THE HAPPIEST days in my life were when I was working the passenger runs," Chester Wampler of Tracy, Calif., said last November 7th when he retired from the top of the seniority list for the entire Southern Pacific System. He is 76 years old; 59 of those years were spent with the SP. His final run was on a local freight.

"I'd still be working if the passenger trains were still running," he told a staff writer for *The Locomotive Engineer.* "I really loved those years."

The years referred to were from 1963 to 1971, when he was a conductor on the *San Joaquin Daylite* and the night *Owl,* running between Oakland and Fresno. Wampler can recall humorous episodes on the trains, and a few sad ones, too.

"One day the *Daylite* coming from Fresno pulling into Lathrop and I announced that anyone going to Martinez, Oakland, or San Francisco should move forward out of the last car, since it was being detached to go to Portland. A man heard my call, but his wife didn't, and she stayed behind. About the time we were headed for Tracy, the husband shouted, 'Hey, I've lost my wife.'

"Some wise guy shouted back, 'You're lucky. I've still got mine.' Since the couple was going to Portland—transferring at Martinez—we telegraphed to Sacramento and got her on a bus to Davis to catch the Portland train. She had all the money and the train tickets."

Owl Called His Name

THERE'S an old Indian legend that when a brave's time has come to die, an owl calls his name. Well, John W. Barriger 3d heard the owl last December 9th. He had been a top executive on eight different railroads and was one of our *Interesting Railfans.* John died at home in St. Louis at age 77 after a brief illness.

Last May 10th he came out of retirement to take a job as senior traveling

freight agent for the Rock Island Line. "They could charge me money to let me work as a railroader, and I'd still do it," he said at the time.

Born in Dallas, he grew up in St. Louis. Graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1921, he joined the Pennsylvania Railroad as an engineer. From 1927 to 1933 he was an analyst of railroad securities in New York City. He became chief examiner of the railroad division of the Reconstruction Finance Corp. early in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Administration and during World War II served the Office of Defense Transportation as associate director.

From 1953 to 1956 he was vice president of the Rock Island. He was president of Pittsburgh & Lake Erie from 1956 to 1964. Forced to retire in 1964, he became president of the Katy, for five years. He then was named chief executive of the bankrupt Boston & Maine and served until 1973. From then until early last year he was a special assistant to the administrator of the Federal Railroad Administration.

Other roads he headed or served were the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, the Monon, the Toledo, Peoria & Western, and the New Haven. He was an honorary member of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. A book he wrote, *Super Railroad,* published in 1955, predicted doom for the railroads unless they were electrified and merged into seven large systems.

While serving as president of the P&LE (a New York Central subsidiary) and living in Pittsburgh, he often came to New York and stayed at the Biltmore Hotel (a NYC property), just across the street from Grand Central Terminal. At such times, he'd invite a few big shippers and rail-oriented friends, including the editor of *Railroad Magazine,* to breakfast at the Biltmore as his personal guests.

Those of us who partook of his hospitality have warm nostalgic memories of John Barriger and his genial humor and informal "shop talk" around the festive board. On one such occasion we gave him a foot-long bronze replica of the tall-stacked *Lion,* the Delaware & Hudson's first locomotive.

John was a pioneer in introducing the railroad wrist-watch to American train and engine crews. Prior to that time, each crew man on duty had to use an open-faced watch. For many years your editor has been wearing one of the original wrist-watches designed by John's order especially for railroad service.

Late John W. Barringer, III.

Our Monthly Newscast

FACED with a heavy workload and voluminous paperwork, the ICC now requires the railroads to be brief in their petitions and replies. We share that viewpoint. Again and again we have urged our readers to keep their letters to us as short as possible, because we have no secretary.

SINCE the recent installation of two hotbox detector systems near Cassopolis, Mich., the Grand Trunk has been operating 26 scanner units at 9 locations to reduce train accidents from overheated axles. This device senses infra-red rays. When certain values are exceeded, the crew is alerted by a trackside display board which locates the defective axle-bearing. This allows them to take corrective action.

FIFTY-SIX new and rebuilt locomotives were placed in service on U.S. railroads last October, compared with 81 the month before and only 17 in Oct. '75, we learn from the Association of American Railroads. The backlog of locos on order and undelivered as of November 1 was 460. The AAR also reported that, taking additions and retirements into account, the fleet of locomotives for major American railroads as of last November 1st totaled 27,298, compared with 28,053 a year previous.

GRADING is under way near Linwood, N.C., for the Southern's major freight classification yard. When ready next year, the 48-tracked area will cost about $40 million, with the latest developments in yard technology such as electronically controlled switches, retarders, scales, and a radio communication network. Known as Linwood Yard, it will be four miles long and cover 275 acres.

AT LEAST 12 people were reported killed on November 28th when an express train in Kenya, East Africa, ran into a flooded bridge whose rails had been swept away, crashed through it and into a river. Scores of passengers, trapped for hours in a car stuck in the river mud, were rescued by axes and blow-torches.

CONRAIL made heavy repairs on 672 locomotives and 10,517 freight cars, installed 3.8 million ties, surfaced more than 7,900 miles of track, and put down 652 miles of continuous welded rail between April 1 and Dec. 1, 1976. And now Conrail is upgrading nearly half of its 3,300-car fleet of tri-level cars for hauling finished automobiles from assembly plants to distribution terminals. This $9.9 million project involves installing solid, galvanized-steel, side shields to the cars to reduce in-transit damage.

CHESSIE SYSTEM has a new program to combat theft and vandalism. Rewards will be paid to anyone giving facts that lead to the arrest and conviction of persons who commit theft, vandalism, or other malicious acts that imperil the road's employes or damage its property or freight. The size of the reward depends upon the gravity of the offense, with a maximum of $500 in each case. Such notices are posted on the right-of-way and in yards and terminals.

NORFOLK & WESTERN is spending about $110 million on capital improvements this year, the same as in 1976. Its 1977 budget puts increased emphasis on roadway improvements to cost 52 percent of the planned 1977 spending. One major item is laying 510 track-miles of rail, mostly continuous welded rail. NW also will ballast 2,928 miles of track and install 1.2 million crossties. It will rehabilitate its Wayne branch in W. Va. for heavy coal shipments from a mine opening soon on that line. Also, it will continue rehabilitating its yards and will build new freight-car repair shops at Chicago and Elmore and Bluefields, both in W. Va., and begin work on a new $3.3 million locomotive inspection and repair facility at Bellevue, Ohio.

SEABOARD COAST LINE has asked for permission to abandon 16 miles of track from Eure, N.C., to Whaleyville, Va., part of the old ACL line, on the ground that traffic there is almost non-existent, reports James Harris of Raleigh, N.C.

RESIDENTS of Monticello, Nevada, finally have a town they can call their own. The Southern Pacific has accepted their offer of $20,196 for 300 acres in and around the old railroad town in north-eastern Nevada. Montello, once a busy water stop for steam locomotives and a crew-exchange point, now is a sleepy town of retirees. The deal includes 288 lots in town and acreage surrounding it, plus the water and sewer systems. The residents had been leasing the 121 improved lots for $25 to $375 a year.

FOR THE FIRST time, a rail carrier and a steamship line have joined together to offer shippers a single intermodal rate between the midwestern United States and Europe. Norfolk & Western is participating in the new marking concept with Great Lakes & European Lines. The NW serves 14 states. GLE operates five container ships under the German flag and offers weekly service between northern European ports and the Great Lake ports of Chicago and Detroit. GLE shops normally move through the St. Lawrence Seaway, but ice formation closes the all-water route from mid-December until early spring. To maintain weekly service, GLE and NW combine their services via the Port of Norfolk and provide joint intermodal rates between Chicago and Detroit, on the one hand, and European ports on the other.

TO PLEASE foreign tourists the Indian Railways are operating special tourist trains: *Taj Express* between New Delhi and Agra and *Brindavan Express* between Madras and Bangalore. The *Rajdani Express* between New Delhi and Howrah (Calcutta) and New Delhi and Bombay provide faster and dust-free travel. A new train called *Tamil Nadu Express* has been introduced between New Delhi and Madras. It cuts travel time by 10 hours.

TWO Catholic priests, the Rev. Thomas Brady and Rev. Edward Gillespie, have purchased an old fire-damaged railroad car and are remodeling it. The 90-ton car was one of three built in 1917 by Pullman for the Illinois Central. Both priests, friends since their seminary days, are from railroad families. Father Brady said working on the car in his spare time is a good getaway from his diocesan jobs.

LAST October was the first month on record without any fatalities on Illinois' 16,000 railroad grade crossings. "We searched our books all the way back to November, 1942, when we began keeping records," said Ray Peterson, chief of the Illinois Commerce Commission's railroad division. "It's the first time in 34 years we didn't have a single fatality." The drop from 11 deaths in September to zero the following month is regarded as the first indication that Operation Lifesaver, a statewide crossing-safety campaign, is indeed saving lives.

"One of Us"

A MYSTERIOUS one-legged hobo known as "Peg" Locke, who had recently been living near the Illinois Central Gulf tracks at Princeton, Ky., since the mid-1930s, is now sleeping out eternity in Cedar Hill Cemetery. According to information from H.C. Steely and Jerry Mart, he had no known relatives. No one is sure of his real name or origin. A funeral home listed him as James Charles Locke, but other sources said he was Thomas. People called him Peg because of a metal peg-leg he had allegedly made for himself.

Locke died in a hospital after being found in a coma in his shack. His occupation was listed as a laborer because he did odd jobs about town during the summer months. Trainmen knew Peg as a small man in a greasy cap and a tattered mackinaw who, for many years, lived out of doors. They saw him sleep on the ground in freezing weather, covered only by brown wrapping paper. Sometimes, snow covered Peg, and passersby could see only a mound by the side of his cooking pot, which hung from a tripod over a small wood fire.

"Unhonored by his fellows, he grew old.
And trod the path to hell.
But there were things he could have sold
And did not sell."

The Illinois Central had evicted him from its right-of-way in 1962. A few days later Peg reappeared and set up "housekeeping" in a crude little shack on private property. The owner, Cary Oliver, said he could live there the rest of his life. His new home had a dirt floor, holes in the roof, and was exposed to the weather at one end. The aged bum used a piece of old car-body to make a chimney to carry away smoke from his open fire. Peg said he liked the place the way it was. He maintained that living in a house "will ruin a man's health."

Railroaders looked out for Peg. They watched for the smoke from his fire or another sign to make sure he was all right. Trainmen threw sandwiches or sack lunches as he waited near his shack a few feet from the tracks.

It was a railroad man who found him at last, dying beside the dead ashes of his tiny fire, and took him tenderly to the hospital. Railroaders, too, paid for his funeral and will erect a stone over his grave. For Peg, in his youth, had been a train-riding hobo and even after his retirement had continued to love the rails.

"He was one of us," they said.

54 Years on the Rails

REMINISCENCES of his more than 54 years of railroading are told by M.H. Peterson of Sioux City, Iowa, in the *Locomotive Engineer,* well-edited publication of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Peterson re-

CLOTH
RAILROAD EMBLEMS
HICKORY STRIPE ENGINEER CAPS
SERVING: RAILROADS—MUSEUMS—DEALERS—INDIVIDUALS—CLUBS HISTORICAL SOCIETIES
INQUIRIES WELCOMED
OVER 375 DIFFERENT DESIGNS IN STOCK
MANY FROM DEFUNCT LINES
LIST & TWO SAMPLES EMBLEMS $1.25

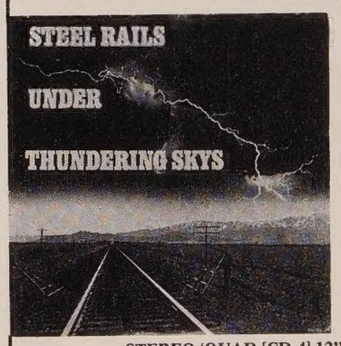
BOSCH EMBROIDERY INC.
P.O. BOX 8565 KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64114
ORIGINATORS & MANUFACTURERS OF RAILROAD EMBLEMS SINCE 1926

Railroad Dining Car Silverware, China, Glassware & Linen

For FREE Catalog send now to

A&M SALES
P.O. Box 133
Greenlawn, N.Y. 11740

RECORD of the MONTH
SB 4505 Steel Rails Under Thundering Skies



to readers of RAIL-ROAD
$6.49
this month ONLY to your DOOR

STEREO/QUAD [CD-4] 12" LP

Here it is fans, the second section of Steam RR Under Thundering Skies. Locomotives included: No. 4449, No. 759, No. 8444, No. 1702 & 11 (Reader), No. 36 (White Mtn.), No. 2102, No. 1246 & 1278 (Steamtown), No. 34 & 28 (Sierra). Plenty of action — stack talk, whistles, thunder & rain, plus a watchmans chime clock. Yours for a bargain!

Offer good only during month of this magazine issue.

— FREE Catalog upon request —

Mobile Fidelity Records
P.O. Box 336, Burbank, Calif. 91503
or see your Hobby/Record Dealer
Stereo 8 or Quad 8 Track Tape — $7.49

tired on Aug, 10, 1969, three days before his 70th birthday. Here is his story:

"I started working for the Great Northern in April, 1915, when I was only a little over 15. As laborer in the roundhouse at Sioux City, I took care of supplies for the engines and did chores such as filling lubricators and rod cups and putting supplies in the engines going out. I then got to help the hostler and fired switch engines a lot of times when firemen were needed; and of course I wanted to get a seniority date. Well, my date as a fireman was July 3, 1916, when I was just 17. Then at age 23, I was promoted to engineer (August 27, 1922).

"My biggest thrill took place on July 4, 1937, when I was called to go to Willmar, Minn., to get the *Wm. Crooks* train and pull it to Clara City, Minn., for the July 5th celebration; then to take it back to Willmar. I still have the train orders for that trip.

"I could imagine what it must have been like in early years of that engine. A soft September rain fell as the excited crowd pushed close to the edge of the Mississippi River to witness the unloading of Minnesota's first locomotive that day in 1861. The *Wm. Crooks* made its historic first run on June 28, 1862, from St. Paul to St. Anthony. Later, the name St. Anthony was changed to St. Paul."

Sophisticated Equipment

INCREASING use of 100-ton cars in unit trains has a punishing effect on rail lines, which CP Rail combats with sophisticated equipment for track maintenance and fault detection. Speno Grinding Train irons out the bumps, the Sperry Rail Service Cars diagnose flaws inside the rails, and the Track Recording Car spots external defects.

Track repair forms a major annual expenditure for CP Rail, which has budgetted $130 million for maintenance of way and structures in 1977.

Owned by the Speno Services Inc., an American group, this train operates at two m.p.h. Equipped with 96 grinding wheels, 48 on each rail, it smooths out corrugations by shaving off about 0.010 inches of steel. The Sperry Rail Service Car, or diagnostic car, passes over the tracks at 13 m.p.h. and shoots a heavy electric current, setting up a magnetic field around the rail. The deviations in the magnetic field are picked up and recorded on tape.

The Track Recording Car differs from the Sperry in that it spots external defects of the track through sensitive electronic instruments which record irregularities on printouts. Hitched to the back of a freight or passenger train, the Track Car—also known as the track geometry car—enables the production of reports, a typical one of which reads like this: "Between Mile 1.00 and 1.25 there are 28 low joints in the range of ¼" to ½". Seven joints in the range of ½" to ¾". There is no deviation from standard gage in the quarter mile."

Views and Reviews

THE SONG SPARROWS sang sweetly on the edge of the night . . . While I stood listening to them, the evening train went down, its great headlight and its clatter briefly silencing the birds, its red tail lights winking far down. The tracks after it had gone, and its smoke holding to the evening sky like a pale fog upon the meadows to mingle with the mists rising along the brook . . .

The brookside path and the adjacent meadows were places of singular tranquility—a domain of mouse and crow, rabbit and fox, of owl and shrew and hawk—tranquility that the passing train did nothing to disturb but actually seemed to enhance, winding its way along the track from the south and through the woods over Spring Slough

Photograph by William T. Morgan

Giant Union Pacific 6600-hp No. 6914 leads an eastbound freight upgrade at Cajon, Calif., on Feb. 28, 1976. Rugged San Gabriel mountains in background are wonder to Amtrak passengers at Cajon Pass.

trestle on the way to Sak Prairie like a great heart with boxcars and caboose colored red and green, yellow and orange, chuffing past and rattling through that lowland like any inhabitant of the country, its wheels echoing flatly over the meadows like a distant lowing of cattle . . ."—August Dereleth, in *The Only Place We Live.*

EDITOR & PUBLISHER, trade publication of the newspaper industry, reports that railroads tripled their newspaper advertising during the first nine months of 1976 compared to last year.

LADY GODIVA rides again. London Transport reportedly has approved a poster for the outside of buses that flaunts a 12-foot-long nude woman. The poster, which will soon adorn 30 red double-decker London buses, will present a frontal view of the naked female as a subtle way of advertising a fashion line. No railroad train or trolley car that we know of ever carried such advertising.

In a Train Wreck

I FIND it exciting to ride railcars on the New Zealand Railways. Four times I did so in their cabs. Three cars were Drewry types of the mid-1950s. But the prize was a 104-mile cab jaunt in a railcar built in 1939 by Vulcan Foundry in Lancashire, England. For an "oldie" it ran well, easily hitting the speed limit of 55 mph.

Also, I took three trips through the 5.4-mile Otira tunnel in a 1285-hp class EA electric cab. Three electrics in multiple made each run. Their acceleration and quietness impressed me. Toshiba of Tokyo built them in 1968. You don't have to ask for such rides. Just say you're an American or Canadian railfan interested in NZR, and the employees will do a lot for you.

After years of chasing, riding, and photographing trains, I was caught for the first time in a wreck last November 9th at about 10:15 a.m. near Sheffield, N.Z. I was riding Drewry articulated railcar No. EM-113. It looked like two railcars coupled back to back but actually is one unit. A single truck supports the center where the two sections are joined.

I was in the front section. We were rolling along fairly well on a dismal night, dark and rainy, when—*wham!* A sudden, terrific lurch was followed by an awful clattering and scraping. The railcar bounced and jumped like something insane. We were off the rails! People and seats were tossed around, but the seat I clung to stayed in place.

As the wheels churned off the crossties into the gravel, a frightening hail of stones and dirt pelted the side of the car. Huge clumps of earth flew by the windows. Then we tilted to the left. I was sitting grimly at a window on that side and didn't want to be caught there if the car should turn over, so I managed to pull myself away. Finally we stopped, still partly upright but slanted at an angle. The cab door opened and the white-faced driver (engineer), followed by the guard (conductor), stumbled down the crazy-tilting aisle.

"We hit an automobile!" he said hoarsely. "Is everyone okay?"

Everybody seemed to be in pretty good shape. As I had ridden in the cab earlier on that trip and was on friendly terms with the crew, I went out with them to seek the automobile.

We walked through sullen rain, with the driver's flashlight casting an uncertain glow in the darkness. The locality was rather isolated, but a highway ran only a few hundred yards away. The driver stopped a speeding auto, shouting: "There's been a train wreck! Send an ambulance and police!"

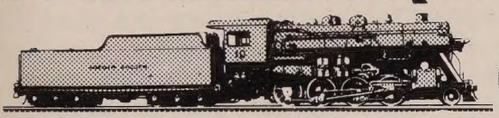
We began searching. Minutes later, I kicked something in the black night. Part of an automobile door. Then I saw faintly the outline of the battered auto itself, a crumbled heap, its right rear section pushed forward about five feet. The rest of the right side (the driver's side in New Zealand) had been torn away. A ghastly hand hung limply out of the wreckage. Peering through the rear, we saw a man's shoulders and blood-streaked head. He was trapped in the wreckage, but still alive.

A medical student living nearby had heard the din and came up with his medical case. While he was doing what he could for the car driver, the train crew and I looked around to see if anyone else had been in the automobile. They hadn't. We traced the hurtling path of the vehicle from a headlight, muffler, and other parts of the torn-up auto strewn across the wet ground.

About thirty minutes after the accident, an ambulance arrived; but by the time its attendants and policemen pryed the victim out of his car he was dead. I studied the railcar as best I could in the darkness. Its left front was battered, its pilot twisted. Wires and fittings had been stripped from the nose and left side. About 15 feet ahead of the railcar loomed a large power pole. I shuddered. If we had continued forward for that distance, we would have rammed into it!

A bus came by then, picked up the railcar's 14 bewildered passengers, and took us on into Christchurch. As we pulled away from the wreck scene, I gazed back at the railcar. What a weird

A CLASSIC RAILROAD WATCH



Beautifully Engraved Backplate

A DEPENDABLE TIMEPIECE IN THE OLD-TIME TRADITION!

ONLY $11.95

A modern Pocket Watch patterned in the traditional *Railroad Style* used for decades by railroad men to keep exact, split-second time. Accurate! Dependable! A watch you'll be proud to own or give as a gift—now at an *amazing LOW price!* Precision movement, extra large markings, second hand, and heavy-duty case finished in polished jeweler's Gold-Tone with swivel. A steam locomotive is handsomely embossed on the backplate! Two styles of Gold-Tone Double Link Watch Chains are available or a fine quality leather holder to keep your watch securely on your belt. *Supplies are limited —order today.* Money-Back Guarantee!

Jeweler's Gold-Tone Finish

No. 5131A—Railroad Pocket Watch 11.95
No. 5145—Double Link Watch Chain 1.98
No. 5146—Deluxe Heavy Watch Chain 2.98
No. 5135—Leather Watch Belt Holder 4.98

(Please enclose 80¢ on each order to pay part of shipping & handling costs. N.Y. State residents please add sales tax.)

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!
FOSTER-TRENT INC., 2345 POST ROAD, DEPT. 291-N, LARCHMONT, N.Y. 10538

sight, tilted over, with the headlight and interior lights still on! It seemed so lonely out there in the storm.

The police report said we had knocked the auto 60 meters (197 feet) ahead and had traveled over 100 meters after derailing. I remember it as a very rough ride. Trains don't usually roll very well when they're off the rails. Within six hours from the time of impact NZR laborers had replaced the ripped-up track, rerailed the RM-113, towed it to Springfield for inspection, and reopened the line. All this work had been done in cold rainy darkness illuminated by floodlights.

At that time only six railcars were still operating on New Zealand's South Island. I was afraid this accident would give the railway an excuse to write off the RM-113. But it didn't. And then on November 23rd, purely by chance, I saw the RM-113 again, riding the rails near Hornby station in Christchurch. Some of her dents were still visible, but she bore a fresh coat of gleaming red and white paint. Upon inquiry, I learned this was her test run after the repairs.

Last December 9th I rode the cab of the 0-6-0T *Kaitancata* three times, once as a passenger, then as fireman, and finally as the engineer. That was quite a thrill, my first time running a steamer! It was on the Infants Creek Tramway in a restored mining town of the 1860s. Elsewhere, when I took day-long trips on the NZR main line crew men invited me to their homes for meals. You should visit here some time. David P. Morgan did and loved it.—William T. Morgan, AG2, OPS/Met Code 30, NAVASUPPOR ANTARCTICA, FPO San Francisco 96601.

News of British Rails

I WONDER how many old steam enginemen carried pocket watches loosely, without chains? Sometimes when they went into a pit to oil the link motion, their watch chains caught on the eccentric sheave split pine, causing the timepieces to be drawn out of their waistcoat pockets, with disastrous results. I remember firing for a driver who fitted a thick rubber ring around the winder of his beloved Waltham watch, saying he could turn upside down in a pit under an engine without any fear of it dropping out of his pocket. Rubber rings were issued to enginemen, together with gage glasses, as part of their equipment for use in case a boiler gage-glass exploded.—John Drayton, retired British Rail engine driver, 60 Allt-yr-yn View, Newport, Gwent, NPT 5GG, Great Britain. *(Ed. note:* Who can tell John the value of an 1886 British inland revenue penny purple stamp?)

WITHIN FOUR HOURS more than 14 million tons of rain fell on Glasgow last October—the heaviest concentration since records began in 1888. At some places the water rose to seven feet, British *Rail News* reports. Telephone lines all over the city went dead, and road and rail traffic was quickly disrupted.

BRITISH RAIL employe Tony Brophy chased a thief across 13 sets of tracks just outside Paddington Station in London and recovered expensive camera equipment stolen from an American aboard a train which had just arrived from Plymouth, England. Tony was helped by the train's conductor, Bob Chalmers, who dashed down flights of station stairs to cut off the thief's only other way of escape. Tony and Bob were rewarded with checks and letters of commendation.

Bridge Disaster in 1870

SAFETY regulations have often been issued as aftermaths of fatal accidents. A case in point is the tragedy which led to the installation of guardrails on all railroad bridges in Massachusetts.

An old photo shows the wreck of a westbound express which had left Boston on June 16, 1870, at 7:30 a.m. on the Vermont & Massachusetts Railroad, a predecessor of the Boston & Maine's former Fitctburg Division. The train consisted of a 4-4-0, a tender, two coaches, and a baggage car evidently coupled between them. Rounding a curve into the covered Long Bridge over the shallow Miller River between Athol and Royalston at about 11 a.m., engineer William Foster and his fireman, Harry Jones, were terrified to see a primitive section car on the track just ahead of them!

Bill frantically shut off steam and reached for the reverse lever. Too late! They hit the section car with a big bang, derailing it. The car bumped over the ties in front of their pilot for about 30 feet and, by repeated smashing, severed the main support timbers of the span. With a sickening crack of the large beams, most of the trrain tumbled through the shattered bridge floor into the stream below.

The locomotive landed on the end of her firebox. The baggage car dropped through the first car's roof after the forward coach had made a flat-bottomed landing in the creek. That was bad enough, but at least the water did not run deep enough to drown anyone nor did a fire break out—two fairly common adjuncts of train wrecks long ago.

Five passengers were killed. The injured victims included 15 passengers and all six crew men: the engineer and fireman, conductor Holden, brakeman George Howard, baggagemaster Bill Elliott, and express messenger Albert Blackwell. The wreck was blamed on section boss P.B. Morse, who had misread his watch and gotten in the way of the express train. He and his helper had jumped clear and escaped injury. The use of safety rails on bridges was recommended in the next annual report of the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners.

"Boston, Hoosac Tunnel & Troy," lettered on the coaches, was not a corporation but represented points served by the railroad, a common practice in those days. However, the V&M's listing represented unbridled optimism. On that date the railroad terminated at Brattleboro, Vt., and Greenfield, Mass. The five-mile Hoosac Tunnel was still five years short of completion.—Frank Kyper (assisted by Francis D. Donovan), 20 Hilltop Dr., Burlington, Mass. 01803.

Hand-Fired Coalburners

A HUGE grain elevator was built at Vancouver, B.C., in 1923 to handle increased shipments of wheat from Canada's prairie provinces. Previously, grain had been hauled to eastern ports and stored there all winter because the ports were frozen in. From Vancouver, with its ice-free harbor, grain could be shipped to world markets the year round. The wheat rush started every fall. It didn't take long before railyards were plugged with cars of wheat heading west. All that extra freight created a big demand for motive power and train crews. To keep it moving, even locomotives needing shop work had to be used.

As a Canadian Pacific fireman at Revelstoke, B.C., in the late 1920s, I can still recall the times I'd be called for an Extra West freight and would find our engine to be a hand-fired coalburner with badly leaking flues. When the tender was loaded with high-grade coal, keeping up steam wasn't too much of a problem; but when the fuel was largely slag we'd have a rough trip. I remember one engine leaking so badly that we had to keep both injectors working and the sight of a water tower was pure joy. Luckily, on that particular trip we had good coal.

But we faced other problems during wheat rushes, one of which was the shortage of pusher engines. On the division eastward from Revelstoke to Field, all motive power was oil-fired, due to the five-mile Connaught Tunnel, through which coalburners couldn't be used. As that division is in the Rockies, with long steep grades, pushers had to be made available. However, west of

Wreck on Vermont & Mass. R.R. at Long Bridge near Royalston, Mass., June 16, 1870.
Collection of Frank Kyper

Revelstoke to Kamloops the grades are not so bad. In fact, there is only one fairly long 1.5 percent grade, up over Notch Hill, where a pusher was required. In the old days, passenger trains were highly regarded and were doubleheaded from Revelstoke right through to Kamloops. But freights weren't always so lucky in getting assists.

One night on a westbound extra we had a full-tonnage drag of wheat and a hand-fired coalburner leaking like a sieve at the front of the firebox, but with a good grade of coal in the tender. I wasn't too worried about keeping up a full head of steam on that old girl. Shortly after midnight, after getting a boost from a yard goat, we pulled out of Revelstoke Yard and I had the pops singing a merry tune. As we thundered across the big bridge over the Columbia River, the switcher was uncoupled and soon we were roaring through Eagle Pass, with the Johnson bar halfway down from center and the throttle went well.

Our engine, a 2-8-2, popped at 190 pounds pressure. I managed to keep the steam indicator close to that mark, so we had no difficulty holding a good speed. But with the flues leaking so badly, we had to use both injectors, and it was a relief to reach Sicamoue and fill the tender tank with water. We had a meet there with an eastbound freight, so we took the siding, as all eastbound traffic had superior direction.

In those days, block signals were only just being installed. Athough they had been put in east of Revelstoke, they had progressed only a few miles east of Kamloops, leaving nearly 100 miles with no protection against a slip-up in orders. So it was important for us to make sure that engine numbers corresponded with those on a meet order. That night, as we waited for our meet, the hogger climbed down to check around our engine. But first, he warned me to get the number of the eastbound engine, and if it were the right one, to give the prescribed blasts on our whistle in acknowledgment. He was still down below when our meet showed up, so it was up to me to check the engine's number.

Any engine waiting in a siding would dim her headlight as ours was dimmed. But the freight, coming fast, kept its headlight on full, making it difficult for me to read the engine number. Well, I managed to get it O.K. and I answered their whistle signal. Failure of either engine to have sounded such signals would have meant that the passing train had to stop and check orders. Heading west again, we reached Salmon Arm. After we had refilled our water tank there, our conductor came up to vive us the bad news. No pusher was available to assist our freight over Notch Hill!

With still a few more miles of level going, we hoped to get up enough speed to climb that grade when we came to it! I had built up a good fire and the pops were singing like a canary as we started that climb. Our Mike responded gallantly. For the first few miles we maintained a high speed. Then our hogger had to drop the Johnson bar and widen on the throttle as we slowed down. Our full-tonnage drag proved just too much for that overworked 2-8-2. Before long we had sunk to the point where we were barely moving.

Then, about halfway to the summit, we stalled to a dead stop. Doubling a hill, as we were forced to do that night, wasn't a bit popular with train crews; but sometimes you couldn't avoid it. That night was, I think, the only time I ever had to double a hill on the Canadian Pacific mainline. But such a thing happened quite often on the CP's Kettle Valley line out of Nelson, B.C.

Working the firemen's spare board out of Revelstoke was an ordeal during the wheat rush. Booking rest was vital at such times. Otherwise, you could be called for a trip within a few hours after completing one. That board went up and down like a yo-yo. Swing a scoop on a full-tonnage drag of wheat for 125 miles and you were more than ready for the cozy bunkhouse at Kamloops that the CP had built for overtaxed train crews.

It was a modern, steam-heated building located near the roundhouse. The only drawback was that we had to go uptown to eat, which was no picnic during the cold winters. One morning the hogger and I had to fight our way through a blizzard up to the Commodore Cafe. That day it was 40 below. When we got back to take over our engine, a hand-fired coalburner standing on the ready track, she was sheathed in ice! Wherever steam condensed, icicles formed. They hung down from the running boards to the ground! After we had managed to get our freight drag started, things weren't quite so bad. But I'll never forget that Arctic morning, back in 1922 at Kamloops, B.C., nor our many meets on the trip back to Revelstoke with Extra West wheat drags.—Bert Lanning, 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada VBW 1N9.

One of the scenic spots on Silverton run above Animas River between Rockwood and Tacoma.

Interesting Railfan 171

JOHN B. NORWOOD

by Freeman Hubbard

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY JOHN B. NORWOOD

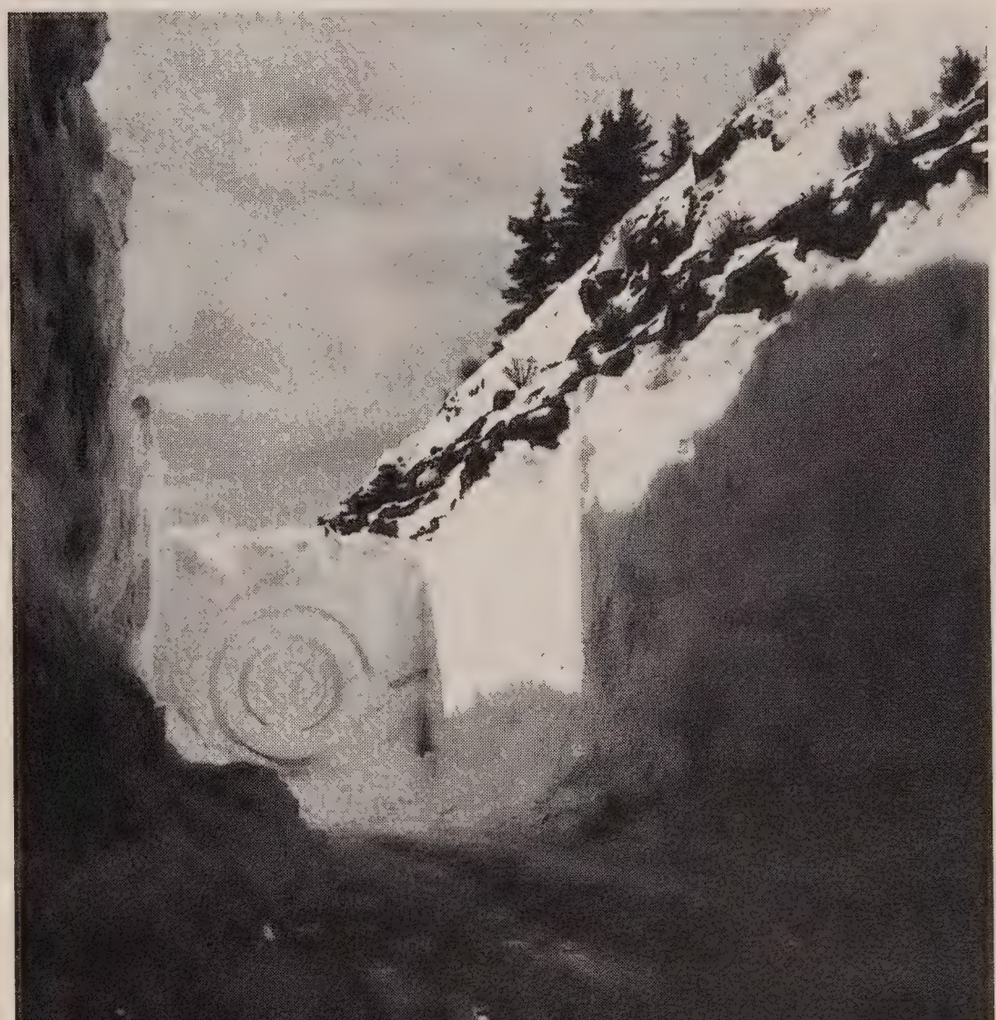
OF ALL OUR *Interesting Railfans,* 171 to date, both male and female, many of them adventurous, none has held a wider variety of paid jobs than John B. Norwood, Jr. This in itself makes a person interesting. The best years of his life, though, were spent on the Denver & Rio Grande Western, from which he retired February 6, 1975, at age sixty. He is really much more of a railroad man than a railfan.

His railfaring jobs included gandy dancer, steam locomotive watchman, Morse telegrapher and station agent, trick train dispatcher, assistant chief dispatcher, and chief dispatcher. Also assistant division superintendent and super. Besides all that, he was a trainmaster, chief transportation officer, director of TOFC and special services, traffic manager, assistant VP operations, and director of service planning and quality control, whatever that means.

"He is," says David P Morgan, editor of *Trains* magazine, "an old-line railroader in the best sense of the term. Narrow-gage, for example. For most enthusiasts, Rio Grande's narrow-gage means a pleasant summer picnic outing on the *Silverton* or the memory of a ride through Cumbres Pass when the sun was shining and the leaves were turning. But John knows what it means to be caught up in the high-altitude country in January with the rotary on the ground and the engines running low on water and the telegraph line gone dead. More than that, he knows how to explain that world of snow and ice and cold steel.

John B. Norwood, Sr., (left) being presented by John Norwood with a years-of-service pin at time of his retirement as D&RGW agent-telegrapher.

Always a target ahead of the plow to shoot at; deep cut west of Osier.



When the K-2 triples would not release on the rear and you had a 490 class engine on the point. Train of empty boxcars on a descending grade, and something had to give. The couplers and knuckles were strong so the result was to stretch the cars across the chord of the arc.

If you tried to bite off too much at a time you had to do a little shovel work to open the fan-chutes. And the road ahead was still deep in snow.

"One more item: John made an immense contribution to the new operating philosophy of running short, fast, frequent freight trains. It's quite a man who remembers first-hand how to run a narrow-gage line in winter, knows how to run a standard-gage mainline railroad today, *and* can write about both subjects in a manner to please the enthusiast and inform the professionals."

But railroading isn't the whole story of John Norwood's gainful employment. The non-rail jobs in his early years include being a janitor in a store and a bank, swamper on a logging truck in New Mexico, trapper for predatory control, guide for hunting and fishing parties, mucker in a coal mine, dude wrangler and trail cook, cowboy on the open range, personal bodyguard, rod-chairman in private land surveying and for the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, field geologist and test-pit foreman for the same bureau, tool-dresser on oil-well-drilling rigs, and a lapidary-silversmith.

THESE OCCUPATIONS reveal him as an outdoors man. He is also a professional writer, having sold his first manuscript, "Troubles Made to Order," to *Railroad Magazine* in 1949, and other true tales at later dates. He also did fact or fiction pieces for outdoor publications, *Trains,* industrial house organs, and newspaper weekly supplements. His best writing job is a Rio Grande history, a book he expects to have published in the future.

John is a great photographer, too. Over a period of years, especially on assignments before he retired from the D&RGW, John estimates that he took more than 10,000 railroad pictures.

"My most intriguing assignment," he says, "was with Wallace Kirkland, a *Life* photographer. "We spent about two weeks doing a story on the Rio Grande narrow-gage just prior to its ending regular passenger service between Alamosa and Durango. On this occasion, early one cold spring morning, we were using a motor car on Cumbres Pass and moving right along around the curves and through cuts when we rammed into another motor car. Two Mexican

It was bad enough at anytime to be alone and isolated on Cumbres Pass as telegrapher at one of the "OS" jobs. But on those days when the passenger train stopped for water and you could see a young and pretty face framed in a car window, life became plain hell. This was one of those times.

Rotary and two engines just around curve from Osier with outfits about one-half mile behind.

section men were operating that car without authority to deliver some 300 baby chickens to their parents' ranch.

"We hit so hard that it took two spike bars to separate the cars. Chickens, gandy dancers, and photographers were strewn along the right-of-way. The chicks, apparently unperturbed, began scratching in the cinder ballast. One of Kirkland's feet was broken; one Mexican had two black eyes and a bloody nose and the other some fractured ribs. Despite his injury, Kirkland, a real pro, got a picture of the baby fowls in the mess and *Life* published it."

All of the Rio Grande photos John took were "job" pictures to accompany reports and studies. Photos as memorabilia have no appeal for him. So it's really stretching a point to list John Norwood as a railfan, but we think it is justified because of his career as a railroad man, a railroad photographer, and a railroad author.

"For my personal use," he says, "I take scenic, mountain, animal, bird, and fish pictures; and in such places as Europe, Mexico, Hawaii, Alaska and the Caribbean islands, candid shots of natives, especially females lightly clad. Incidentally, my wife and I have seen a lot of the world."

BORN on February 6, 1915, at Decatur, Arkansas, and now living at 5494 Estes Court, Arvada, Colorado 80002, John is rather lean, rangey, and tanned from a lot of wind and sun, but not quite Mexican or Indian color. Some 190 pounds are packed into his 6 feet, 2 inches. His hair is brown and his eyes green, deep-set under protruding eyebrows. He prefers Western garb, including boots, broad-brimmed hats, and big buckles. His face is almost unwrinkled but scarred a bit here and there, and his nose is large. His hands are small, though, with not much left of the right thumb that was squeezed off between a lariat and a saddle-horn.

He has plenty of railroad blood. His father was a Morse telegrapher and station agent, a boomer who worked on at least twenty roads; and eleven other relatives with various rail occupations. Two of John's nicknames are "Wyatt" (from lawman Wyatt Earp of the Old West) and "Have Gun Will Travel" (from a role played by TV actor Richard Boone). Both are derived from the fact that he was, and is, more than a little proficient with pistols and usually carries one wherever he goes.

John C. Phillips, a Rio Grande train dispatcher, recalls: "When John Norwood was superintendent of our Colorado Division, with headquarters at Denver, the boys called him 'Big John' and said he shot from the hip. This was true and his aim was perfect. The employes trusted and respected him. He was very masculine, but kind, too. A tireless worker and a perfectionist in whatever he did. Although he is an expert hunter, fisherman, and camp cook, he has now reached the humane stage

where he'd rather shoot wild game with a Kodak than with a 30-06 rifle or powerful bow-arrow. He's also a 'rock hound' (a nut who picks up rocks) and makes fine jewelry from the specimens he has found." He even does his own silver work for mountings.

John Norwood married Helen Alice ("Goldie") Dye, who had been making out financial reports about him while he was employed by the Bureau of Reclamation. She was then working for a large Western supplier from which he bought heavily for Bureau projects. They have two children, John B. III, retired U.S. Army major, and Dixie Lee King; also two granddaughters, Denise and Diana.

"My wife's feeling about railroads," he says cynically, "is that there are many better ways of earning a living. Incidentally, one distinction I had on the D&RGW was having the longest personal record file on the books with the most and greatest variety of official titles."

PATRICIA WOOD, Rio Grande TOFC manager, has contradictory terms to describe John Norwood: "Tough, yet soft. Stern, yet compassionate. Serious, with a droll sense of humor, and rough and gentle."

"Constant in his sense of fair play," she adds. "An ever-inquiring mind that is never satisfied with surface information (always digs deep). To him, joy means making other people happy. Twice during my career he has been my boss, once just after I'd received my first promotion. His thoroughness and patience helped me to make the transition from a clerical to a managerial job. Someone had said he'd just heard Norwood was to be my new boss, adding: 'I'm sorry to say it, but that guy is a son of a bitch.' I thought: Wow! What am I getting into? A few years later, I mentioned this to John and we had a good laugh about it."

Another Rio Grande brass collar, Jack M. Rentfrow, a roadmaster-trainmaster, writes: "John can operate a telegraph key with his toes, so you can imagine what he can do with his fingers."

During his last eight years on the Rio Grande, John was deeply involved in the merger activity and was the professional witness for all of the company's operating testimony. In that area he covered about 50,000 miles of other railroads involved in merger plans, gathering data for ICC testimony on their operations, reports on track conditions, other facilities.

"I took very many pictures from trains, helicopters, planes, and the surface," he recalls. "About 500 of my shots were made in connection with preparing testimony on the Rio Grande's application to abandon its narrow-gage line. Also maybe a couple thousand photos of wrecks, slides, snow blockades, high water, and so on. The high-water ones include two major floods that wiped out miles of railroad, of which, as a division superintendent, I later supervised the rehabilitation.

"I am proud of the quality and usefulness of all those pictures. My assignments put me in a position to get photos that railphoto fans couldn't. The types of cameras I used helped a lot: a Nikon, Canon, two Zeiss-Ikons, bellows type, and Kodak Retina C."

He has no railroad library nor railroadiana in his home, and he reads "everything from Aristotle to *Playboy* and *Penthouse.*" Here is what Frank E. Shaffer, associate editor of *Modern Railroads,* thinks of him:

"John and I met for the first time when I was on assignment riding one of the Rio Grande's short and fast freights. To report that I was impressed would be an understatement. No single word can describe this man. He's a well-grounded railroader, sound in operations, but with a writer's flair for interesting detail and a historian's yen for probing. As we rolled up to Moffat Tunnel, down the Colorado River, and climbed Soldier Summit, John kept up a run-

Nothing moving. The Cumbres train/order office after heavy mountain storm. Even rotary with two 490's would have tough time getting through.

The might of a mountain cloud-burst is shown by the way these narrow-gage tracks are tossed around.

Sunkink on curve at Needleton derails No. 473 hauling 900 tons of silver concentrates on slim gage.

Taking water was a mighty cold job in the winter as seen by ice formations at Cresco, Cumbres Pass.

ning commentary that made the journey a memorable one. And how that 40-car hotshot did roll!

"Railroader, historian, writer, raconteur, outdoorsman—all these show the many sides of a remarkable man. He knows his railroad in particular as he knows the industry in general. He is aware of the competitive forces that shape the role of the Rio Grande. And he has an encyclopedic knowledge of the heartland of the Rockies served by his road. There's a touch of the late John Barriger in John Norwood—a heart that sees the glory and majesty of railroading and a head that seeks out the best in the state of the art of the industry."

OUR HERO'S brother-in-law, George Kingery, a Rio Grande conductor, says: "John never finished high school, but in my opinion he has a better education that most college men, because he learned so much through the years by reading and studying in his spare time and by hard practical experience in the art of living.

"In about 1952, while John was trainmaster at Alamosa, we had a heavy snowstorm on the narrow-gage line at Cumbres Pass. An engine got stuck in a snowdrift with an engineer and a fireman aboard. For several days we could not reach them with our snowplows; and as they had been caught unexpectedly, they had no food aboard. John snowshoed 15 miles in a blinding blizzard with food for them and to let them know help was on its way. He got them out two days later on showshoes, after it had become apparent that the relief train couldn't do it."

Still another D&RGW man, Charles W. Troxel, recalls the time John had just been promoted to train dispatcher and was on a night trick at Salida, working that portion of track westward from Salida to Minturn, where several helper engines were kept.

"One bitterly cold night," Charles tells me, "I was handling a trick in Tennessee Pass tower. I heard the Minturn operator call John regarding an eastbound hotshot. John told the op to give the train some engines—I forget how many—and let him come through, not mentioning the tonnage factor over the Pass. Thereupon I butted in to say: 'John, it's 25 below zero up here! You'd better reduce that guy about 1,000

tons if you expect him to get through.' I realized that as a new dispatcher he had not taken the weather into consideration."

Mike M. Kanderis, while trainmaster at Helper, Utah, remembers when John held the same job there in the early 1950s. At that time Mike was his chief clerk.

"We were then operating 23 coal mines in the Helper area," Mike recalls, "and the trainmaster's job was hectic, day and night. We were moving about 500 carloads of coal a day with steam locomotives at about 40 per train, which in those days was considered a large train. We soon started diesel operation, though, and went up to 80 cars.

"John was so good an organizer that he practically had all the men eating out of his hand. Many heavy drinkers were working for the railroad, but it didn't take him long to straighten them out. He knew all the working contracts of the various crafts, as well as the new rules and interpretations, and kept his understudies informed.

"It didn't take John long to get acquainted. Helper is comprised mostly of foreign people, Greeks, Italians, Austrians, Mexicans, etc. He became one of us. He spoke Mexican fluently. If he had remained at Helper a little longer, he would probably have spoken Greek as well as I do."

John says he keeps fit by gardening and strenuous living. "I eat almost anything, even beaver and porcupines, devouring it like most railroaders do—swallowing it in big chunks and washing it down with caboose coffee. But I haven't smoked in over twenty years. I move rapidly and lightly and make fast decisions. Each day when the sun drops over the yardarm I start acting leisurely."

After two or three stiff drinks of Irish Dew, he is likely to burst into singing or story-telling. Game-law violators and poor sportsmen regard him as obnoxious because of the way he bawls them out. One of his bad habits, according to his wife, is to stay up until about midnight and then wake up about 5:30 a.m. raring to go for the day.

"The biggest mistake I ever made," he tells us, "was quitting the Bureau of Reclamation and going to work on a railroad. Next biggest was turning down a chance to buy ten acres of land on the outskirts of Aspen, Colorado, for $2,500; I told the property owner he was nuts to think Aspen would ever amount to anything."●

Never made it. Locomotive No. 499 derailed at east switch, Coxo, just west of Cumbres.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Erie Lackawanna eastbound freight HF-98 running wrong main at Gulf Summit, N.Y., with two EMD F-7A's pushing, as Sperry Rail Service car 134 works eastbound main in June, 1971.

Richard J. Allen, 14 Ethel St., M.R. 99, Binghamton, N.Y. 13905

It was a wet early Spring day in Bucks County, Pa., in April, 1976, as New Hope & Ivyland Consolidation No. 40, ex-Cliffside R.R. 1925 Baldwin-built, steams out of New Hope on trip.

Don Dorflinger, 18 Westland Road, Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009

Railfans gathered for the NRHS convention in Philadelphia, Pa., last September, admire GG-1 4800 in Bicentennial dress at Lancaster, Pa., while on Amtrak-Conrail trip.

Bob Storks, 1421 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Old water tower still standing on June 6, 1975, behind ex-ACL station at Leesburg, Fla.

Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

AMTRAK HAS EXPANDED its New York-Florida runs to offer improved schedules and more space to winter vacationists as well as added service on its line through Raleigh, N.C., and Columbus, S.C. The *Silver Meteor* and the *Champion,* which had been operating as a combined train since last spring, has reverted to separate trains and routes. This adds about 30 percent more capacity to the N.Y.-Florida passenger service. In addition, the *Silver Star* schedule is now later southbound and earlier northbound, to give travelers more varied options.

The *Champion* has been rerouted on the inland route through the Carolinas, adding a second train to Raleigh and Hamlet, N.C. and Columbia, S.C. Those cities were already served by the *Silver Star*. In addition, the northbound *Champion* now stops in Camden, S.C., instead of the northbound *Silver Star*. This change gives Camden residents a more convenient northbound departure time.

The *Champion* leaves New York at 4:20 p.m., arriving in Jacksonville at 10:50 a.m. next day and in St. Petersburg at 6:40 p.m. Northbound, it leaves St. Petersburg at 7:00 a.m., arriving in Jacksonville at 2:00 p.m. and New York at 9:25 a.m. next day.

The *Silver Meteor* remains on the current *Meteor/Champion* schedule as far south as Jacksonville. It leaves New York at 3:50 p.m. and arrives in Jacksonville at 9:30 a.m. next day. Northbound, the *Silver Meteor* leaves Miami 20 minutes later, at 10:15 a.m., leaves Jacksonville 15 minutes earlier, and reaches New York 15 minutes earlier, 11:55 a.m.

The southbound *Champion* and *Silver Meteor* are scheduled so that the latter's passengers may transfer to the *Champion* at Jacksonville for service to St. Petersburg. Northbound, the *Champion* also connects with the *Meteor* at Jacksonville.

The *Silver Star* pulls out of New York at 10:10 a.m., 35 minutes later than its previous schedule, and arrives 35 minutes later at each stop on the route. Northbound, it departs from Miami 35 minutes earlier, 12:45 p.m.; leaves St. Petersburg 25 minutes earlier, 2:10 p.m.; and completes its journey in New York at 5:53 p.m., 22 minutes earlier than the previous schedule.

The *Palmetto* supplements the *Silver Meteor* between New York and Savannah via Charleston, S.C. Operating on a daylight schedule, it uses new Amfleet coaches and cafe cars. Five minutes have been removed from station times at both Washington and Richmond, so that all southbound stops south of Richmond will be 10 minutes earlier. The northbound schedule remains the same.

AMTRAK FARES are up again—on most eastern intercity lines effective last December 15 and on most western lines two months later. As usual, inflation is blamed. But if every organization and individual would suddenly decide *not* to push up its prices still higher, we wouldn't have any more inflation. However, nobody is making such a decision. They're not willing to "hold the line." Everyone, it seems wants the inflation to continue.

The fare rises average 3½ percent in the East, 3 percent in the West. Accommodation charges for parlor and sleeping-car space also went up, generally by the same percentage as rail fares. Metroliner fares, which were exceptionally high anyhow, remain the same. There are other exceptions, too. Check with your local Amtrak agent. Amtrak's previous coach fare increase was 5 percent last June. The previous jump in accommodation charges was in April, 1974.

MORE THAN three out of every four passengers on short-distance Amtrak trains are riding in new Amfleet or Turboliner equipment purchased within the last three years, according to an Amtrak tabulation. Almost two-thirds of all Amtrak trains traveling 500 miles or less are outfitted with new equipment instead of old railroad passenger cars.

Every one of the Boston-Washington trains operate with new Amfleet equipment, as do all short-distance trains out of Amtrak's Los Angeles, Oakland, and Seattle terminals. Every short-distance daily train operating out of Chicago is run with Turboliner or Amfleet equipment, and most trains in New York State operate with new Turboliners.

Long-distance western trains will start to receive new equipment next summer when Amtrak gets the first of its new bi-level cars from Pullman-Standard. Amtrak has spent or committed $548.8 million in capital funds over 5½ years to buy a variety of new equipment, including 492 Amfleet cars, 249 bi-level cars, 205 diesel and 26 electric locomotives, and 65 Turboliner cars.

All of the equipment has been received except for the bi-level cars, 145 Amfleet cars and 10 Turboliner cars, all still under construction.

COMMUNITY participation in the upgrading of railroad passenger stations is being encouraged by Amtrak, which has committed $1 to such a program during the current fiscal year, with the proviso that local people shall match these funds. The program is aimed at localities where current levels of ridership do not permit early improvements by Amtrak acting on its own.

"Up till now," says Paul Reistrip,

Who can identify this wreck near Pueblo, Colorado, early in 1900?

Collection of Warren F. Lee, 1016 Vista Grande NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87105

CM&StP *Olympian,* with locos 2509 and 3018, on Hull Creek bridge near Garcia, Wash., in 1912.
Photograph by Harvey Uecker

Amtrak president, "our station projects have been largely matters of immediate necessity. Scarce funds went to fix or replace costly or deteriorated stations in larger cities."

Amtrak's share of any project is limited to $50,000 or 60 percent of the total cost, whichever is less. Applications must be received no later than June 1, 1977.

One of the beneficiaries of this program is Schenectady, N.Y., which is planning to build a new railroad station by October, 1978, on the site of its old depot, which was razed a few years ago. In an agreement between the city, the state transportation department, and Amtrak, the city provides the land while the department and Amtrak share the funding. Also, the installation of welded rail will upgrade the track through the city. Schenectady residents are currently being serviced by a railroad station in nearby Colonie.

And in Minneapolis and St. Paul, passengers will have a modern, convenient station midway between the Twin Cities, due to a joint effort by Amtrak and the St. Paul Port Authoriy. Amtrak has leased for 20 years from the Port Authority a new 15,720-square-foot depot to be built between Pierce Butler Road and University Avenue, just three blocks from the main thoroughfare connecting those cities. Construction is due to begin this spring and be finished by the spring of 1978.

PAN AM AIRWAYS, with main quarters beside New York's Graybar Bldg. which houses the *Railroad Magazine* office, is now selling Amtrak's USA Rail Pass at most of its international sales outlets. This pass offers unlimited travel on trains serving more than 480 U.S. cities and towns, plus some Canadian gateway cities. Obtainable only overseas, it costs $165 for 14 days, $220 for 21 days, and $275 for 30 days.

OHIO's last hope for its only commuter train, between Youngstown and Cleveland, went down the drain when the Ohio Rail Transportation Authority voted against subsidizing it. At the same time, ORTA itself, created by the Democratic-controlled Legislature, came closer to being swallowed by the Ohio Department of Transportation with appointment of Nat Simons Jr., of Columbus as ORTA's executive director.

Thomas Pulsifer was the lone board member who advocated ORTA seek Federal money to subsidize the Youngstown-Cleveland run. The board's 4-1 majority sealed the commuter line's fate. Its rejection of the subsidy plan came despite a last-minute plea by the Rev. Robert Wickens of Elyria, a director of the National Association of Railroad Passengers and a member of the Lorain County Transit Board.

BECAUSE Canadian rail travel continues to lose the fight with airlines, the nation's transport department announces plans to carve up remaining rail services between Canada's two major railways in the Ontario-Quebec corridor.

Sylvain Cloutier, deputy transport minister, says Canadian National will operate on the busy Montreal-Toronto and Toronto-Windsor runs, while CP Rail gets the Montreal-Quebec and Montreal-Ottawa service. CP has been given exclusive rights to the Montreal-Quebec City passenger service.

Improvements in service and rail beds are included in the plan, but the Ottawa-Toronto route probably will be the last to benefit because of the high cost of fixing the badly deteriorated line. •

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

THREE FANTRIPS in the area of Bethlehem, Pa., will be operated this spring, according to plans announced by Atlantic Central Steam Co. The first, scheduled in mid to late April will be an excursion from Lehighton to Coxton over Conrail trackage, formerly Lehigh Valley. Motive power will be the newly refurbished and accurately painted ex-Canadian Pacific Royal Hudson No. 2839. The big streamlined 4-6-4, of which I am part owner, will be hauling her first revenue consist in seventeen years.

During the week-end of November 6 and 7 this great engine, leased from the Royal Hudson Locomotive Company, Ltd., marched up and down a portion of the Northampton & Bath mainline, on whose property the Hudson now resides. Several ex-Pennsy P-70 coaches and an ex-Erie Lackawanna roomette sleeper formed the tonnage. Atlantic Central's president, Robert Spanagel, is negotiating to buy ten additional and identical coaches. The company's passenger colors are maroon and black with gold lettering—an attractive and historically accurate scheme to haul behind Canadian Pacific power. This is a steam operation to watch in 1977. It is about the only group bringing a completely new engine to the fantrippers. If you want your name added to Atlantic Central's mailing list, write to 607 Baldwin Ave., Norristown, Pa. 19403.

WHILE on the subject of Canadian steam operating today, the Alberta Pioneer Railway Association in Edmonton, Alta., fired-up its 1913 ex-Canadian National 4-6-0 No. 1392. The Ten-wheeler was used in the filming of a new motion picture, *Days of Heaven;* and I can think of no heaven without steam.

EAST BROAD TOP Historical Society, a new group, has been formed by dedicated local residents in Saxton, Pa. This body acts rather than talks. Its first project was restoring the old Huntington & Broad Top's water tower at Dudley and relocating the freight station adjacent to it. A short piece of track has been installed. To complete the scene, the Society has purchased 0-4-0 No. 5 from the former Penn View Mountain to go on display. Baldwin built her in July 1922, builder's No. 63304, I learn from *The Coal Bucket,* newsletter of Horseshoe Curve Chapter, NRHS.

A SHOCK to steam fans is the news that Rail City at Sandy Creek, N.Y., will abandon its complete operation, due to rising costs of maintenance, employees, and coal. Used for years was its 2-6-0 No. 11, which came from the Naragansett Pier Railroad in Providence, R.I. I visited this steam road four years ago while en route to cover a Canadian steam trip for *Railroad Magazine.* Even then, the handwriting was on the wall. Patronage was way down, maintenance was deferred, and the outfit was operating on a limited budget. My wife and I purchased tickets to see the museum in the station and to ride the train which circled a rural grass runway airport.

Happily, Mogul No. 11 was sold back to her original owner, the Naragansett Pier, for historial purposes. The American locomotive was built in 1920 as a stock catalog item and was sold to the Northern Pacific three years later. In 1938 she went to the Bath & Hammonsport and in 1955 to Dr. and Mrs. Stanley A. Groman for Rail City.

Many unserviceable small tank engines remain on the property awaiting disposition. Some equipment went to the Smithsonian Institution and the New York Transportation Museum in Rochester. This dolorous news comes from the Central New York Chapter of NRHS.

HAMILTON'S Short Line Steam Railroad in Ohio is for me a new road. Six years ago Earl Hamilton started laying track behind his home at 38120 State Rte. 518, east of Ohio 164, and now has nearly half a mile of track. Motive power for his private steam road is a 1924 Porter 0-4-0T. Weather permitting, on Sundays between 1 and 5 pm, from Memorial Day to Sept. 1st and again in October, Earl's train chuffs around his Columbiana County property. Open-sided covered flatcars with bench-type seats roll behind the smoke-belching steamer. Earl charges no fee but accepts donations.

AN OLD STEAMER recently met with disaster. A fully restored 1896-vintage 0-4-0 was long stored in a farm shop building on the William Schoeningh ranch near Dixon, California. In a spectacular early morning blaze, the entire building was destroyed, with a loss of about $50,000 and a rare steamer.

FLORIDA'S newest steam tourist road is the Trilby, San Antonio & Cypress Railroad, or Orange Belt Route. Operating over old SCL/ACL trackage between San Antonio and Blanton in Pasco County, the pride of the crew is their good-looking 1925 Baldwin No. 203, formerly stored in the old enginehouse of the Rockton & Rion at Anderson Quarry. While visiting the South Carolina shortline in the early 1960's, I peered through cracks in the heavy wooden doors of the shed at the road-grime-incrusted and rusting Consolidation. Several large trees had grown up between the rails of the locomotive's only exit from the enginehouse. Perhaps the very closeted nature of her storage help to protect her from vandals and hardware thieves.

Luckily, the engine was rescued from further deterioration and neglect by Bob Most Associates of Florida and is joined on the roster by a pair of smart-looking 0-6-0's.

LOCOMOTIVE thieves have hit again! The victim this time is Bear Creek Scenic in North Carolina. Ex-Brimstone Shay No. 36 had her number plate and other parts stolen from the unprotected and unfenced shop area, although guard dogs are reported to have taken the pant seats of several "equipment liberators." So says Jim Wrinn, 81 Lyle St., Franklin, N.C. 28734. The road has ceased steam operation, due to track washouts and poor patronage.

As a steam locomotive owner myself, I urge my fellow owners to display cast copies of "collectable parts" on equipment rather than the priceless originals. At least, if you must have the latter on your engine, weld them on tightly to the boiler. Mere nuts and bolts can be broken. A good "torchman" or someone wielding a cold chisel can remove valuable parts from a locomotive in a few minutes.

A STEAM-POWERED tourist road, the Toledo, Lake Erie & Western, has bought 10 miles of abandoned railroad between Waterville and Grand Rapids, Ohio, as a permanent home. At one time its track was the mainline between Toledo and St. Louis and shook from the passage of the *National Limited* of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western. In later years, the line became part of the Nickel Plate and then the Norfolk & Western took control of it in the early 1960s.

The TLE&W began operating under lease from the N&W in June 1974, but was officially abandoned in 1975. The 10-mile purchase represents one of the longest steam excursion lines in the U.S. Loud-talking 0-6-0 No. 202 is the main motive power on this scenic line.

LAST FALL the New Hope & Ivyland assisted the U.S. Steel Corp. near Fairless Hills, Pa., by loaning them use of its 0-6-0, No. 9, for steam supply while their own boilers were down for repair. The former U.S. Army switcher came to the tourist road via the Virginia Blue Ridge Railway.

SEND steam news to Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

Jacket of Bedwell's only published book, out of print for many years.

Screaming Wheels

by HARRY BEDWELL

Reprinted from The Saturday Evening Post, thanks to permission of the author's widow, the late Mrs. Lorraine Bedwell, owner of the copyright. Text supplied by Interesting Railfan Frank Kyper, Railroad Publications, 20 Hilltop Drive, Burlington, Mass. 01803.

MEN and motive power of the Monte Short Line worked twice around the clock those last days before winter locked the mountains, hauling in reserve supplies to the mining camps for the time when blizzards would isolate them, and rolling sheep from high meadows to escape the killing weather.

The yard office was restless with outbound crews and crews just in off the grades. All were mountain-grown, wary and willful. They had the light-footed prowl of men who contended with fleeting time and bitter elements; low-voiced and guileful, likely to throw away the book if it happened to slow a particularly hazardous maneuver that saved the seconds.

Gene Houghton watched the bronze faces in the yellow light and weaving shadows of the hanging lamps. They'd give a kid car-hand enough rope to hang himself, if they thought he deserved that much. A youngster who likes his trade and the feel of high country could trace the vivid years these frost-bitten runners had come by.

The girls and the promotions they'd fought one another for; feuds and grudges, and the quick hand to snatch a fellow "rail" from a messy death under the wheels. Tenacious as bad weather in January, they now competed with cunning and gusto for the assignment to the snowplow train which the Clinker awarded the crew that made the time and stayed out of the most trouble during the rush.

On the plow train you worked through slack times and lived at the expense of the Monte. And there was an opportunity to improve your poker game while you stood by, ready to roll. When the line was snowed in, you cleared it with the rotary, while the rest were laid off. You could catch up back interest on the mortgage with the plow train's pay.

By the Clinker's arbitrary score, Double Drop and the boomer were out in front, but the rest would crowd them right down to the finish. Bad breaks and a slip by a bungling brakeman might catch up with some of them and count them out.

CLINKER WARD opened the door with the sound of the inevitable. There were train and enginemen who could have been jailed for what they thought of the Clinker, if they'd ever put it in writing. He had the visage of a crag and the instincts of a bloodhound. Ho-kay, and if you wanted to get technical, he was likely the kind of trainmaster it took to boss the wily Monte crews.

The Clinker's agate eye picked out Double Drop drill. "You've rawhided so many brakemen off the hind end of your train this last week," he remarked like the rasp of a dentist's drill, "that all the extra men dig up excuses when they're up to go out with you. Right now I ain't got a head man that hasn't had to belly-ache when you're mentioned."

"You said to move the merchandise before snow came.,, Brill pointed out, "and those young punks you gave me asked for work when they came here."

He was brittle and bland, built like a whippet, and had the sharp look of the best poker player on the Monte. You had to be fast on your feet and fast in your mind to work for him. They called him "Double Drop" because he fancied that move when pressed for time, and the Clinker did not; had outlawed it, in fact, as too hazardous up there where the sidings stood on end.

Latimer edged in. He was handsome enough to take your best girl, and he'd do it, too; a high-rolling boomer.

"If Double Drop would use his head," the boomer said in a tone thick with the old oil, "he wouldn't run the legs off his trainmen. I plan the switching jobs ahead, so they'll fit the first time, and no false moves."

Brill said softly: "You're usually called out right behind me, boomer, and you haven't run around me yet. But you've tried."

"You block the main when I catch up," Latimer chided, "so I can't get by. Some of these times I'll go through anyhow."

The Clinker turned on him.

"You came in on your last trip," he charged, "shy one brakeman. What happened to him?"

"That short squirt!" Latimer sneered. "I kicked him off my train because he dragged his feet and bungled the work. Even if he's got the nerve to show up after that," he advised, "I'd fire him."

Young Gene lacked stature and wasn't noticeable in the shadows among bigger men, but the two nearest him moved aside quickly when he spoke.

"Kicked," he said amiably, "is not the right word. You say bull-headed sore when you messed up the switching at Hipass, trying to do it from the main line with one brakeman. You were so boiling mad," he reflected, "you forgot I was flagging around the curve to protect your train, and you pulled out and left me."

AN ASHCAT snickered. How the hell do you figure a preacher's son who has blue eyes with a dream in them? The soft shuffle of feet and the subdued mumble of voices died out of the room while they looked at the car-hand from the Missouri River bottoms.

His yellow cowlick wouldn't come much higher than a tall man's chin, but he had barn-door shoulders and the bounce of hard rubber. He spoke softly; nevertheless, he'd wiped the sneer from a lit-up switchman's face when he taunted the kid about his dad being a gospel hound. But the boomer was sober and big for his size, and so mad he wanted to tear the guy apart.

Latimer said, as he strode at him: "Any preacher's son that tries to make a liar out of me is a son of a bitch!"

He ran into an obstacle at that point. Gene flitted in the shadows, and, closed in, his crooked arm flicked from eight inches away. The boomer's head snapped back and he fell over a chair. He stood up. The blow had wrenched his handsome features, and his eyes were livid with a craving to destroy.

The quiet was ruffled with the absorbed whisper of a burning fuse. The men moved back to give them room, and waited. It was a happy chance when a little diversion was included in their twice-around-the-clock job, and this was the only way actually to win an argument.

But the Clinker had a railroad to run. "That's all!" He pointed a finger at Gene and jerked his thumb toward the door. "Get out!" he ordered.

Big men often assumed that a short youngster wasn't matured in mind and should be cuffed around. Soft words seldom appeased them, but the parson said you should try, once. "And that's not the way to say it, either." The words had the slow drip of sorghum.

"All you've got to do," Brill said, "is just keep coming. You'll hardly get near enough to see my marker lights all the way in."

Gene lined the switches and climbed into the cab as the engine stamped out onto the main track. The rhythm of the blasting stack and the pounding brasses grew to a diapason.

Fellows who worked at desks didn't know the feel of nighttime in tall country or the delirious smell of hot oil and leaking steam and the shudder of the iron deck as the thundering Mogul took hold of the drag and walked it into the grades.

McRae swayed gently on the seatbox, serenely watching the jutting headlands and great stone walls slide into the beam of the headlight. Eggert hunkered and spat a brown jet that sizzled and exploded in a puff of steam on the firebox doorway. He shaded the restless glare with his scoop and inspected the fire. He stood up with a one-eyed squint at Gene.

He said: "A car-hand seldom gits both feet on the ground at the same time when Double Drop deals him the cars, and he's sure got to shuffle 'em tonight to keep ahead of the braggin' boomer."

DARKENED towns, save for a sprinkle of station lights in the vast dark. You hit the ground at a lope, minding the swift lantern signals cutting diagrams in the blackness back along the train.

Spotting empties at the mill, merchandise at the station—bacon and beans, hand drills and sledge hammers, whisky and flour—throwing switches and squirreling to the top of a cut of cars, binding the hand brakes against the thrust of the mountains.

The sharp air caused you to bounce. Riding the top between stations, the stars didn't seem so far away when you measured space against the lift of the peaks. Then, before you realized that time had elapsed, false dawn edged the high world, and the engine was slugging at the Muleshoe grade.

Brill prowled forward over the tops and came down into the cab as they pulled into the siding at Muleshoe.

"Four passes with the engine," he said, "and then we'll make a double drop of four repaired cars out of the stub."

He drilled Gene with a look.

"If we get out of here ahead of the boomer," he snapped, "we can outrun him the rest of the way in. Don't drag your feet or stumble. This is going to fit tight, and you won't have time to line the switches for the drop."

"I'll keep my feet under me," Gene promised, and felt a cold worm crawl down his back. Brill had thrown away the book.

Gene rode four empty stock cars into the corral track and set them at the stock pens. He made a 100-yard dash to catch three cars of merchandise, cut loose and coming down the house track. While he eased them up to the platform, Brill and Newbamer headed the engine into the stub track and backed out four cars.

They were coming fast, and Gene was a long way from his next position. His lantern grew a tail of light as he fled down the path. By the furious chaw-chaw and chew-chew of the stack, he knew when they cut the four cars in two and then uncoupled from the engine.

The procession was rolling down the lead, yards apart, the engine outrunning the two cuts, which followed on their own momentum. All Gene had to do was switch the three units into separate sidings, as they came along.

The rump of the engine's tender loomed up like a cliff and damned near beat him to the first

switch. He got it open with one second out of three to spare, and shut again when the engine ducked into the clear.

The next two boxcars, with Newbamer on top at the brake-wheel, chased him close to the seat of his pants right up to the next stand. He got it open by a kind of legermain that all good car-hands know.

THOSE CARS slammed at the switch, heading in, and the other two were coming up close behind. He was now utterly convinced that the Clinker had been dead right when he outlawed the double drop. It crowded the seconds with too many affairs at hand and with pressing items yet to be managed.

He was winded and anxious and all tightened up like a spring, while the tricky light blurred the rolling wheels of the last pair of trucks coming up to the switch points. Then Newbamer checked them an instant too soon and spoiled Gene's close calculations. He shut the switch with a quick thrust of the handle.

There was the screech of flanges riding the rails and a splintering grind when they took to the ties. All the rolling wheels stopped suddenly, and the silence was so intense you could scarcely breathe it. A chilling, graveyard stillness, and a gaunt feeling all the way down inside. He'd thrown the switch too soon and put those hind trucks on the ground.

Brill crouched beside them. Gene braced himself to take the thin lash of the skipper's scorn. But a good gambler doesn't cry because he can't win all the pots.

"The Clinker often warned me," Brill mused, "that the double drop would eventually get me in trouble, and a trainmaster has to be right some of the time." He snapped, "Bring the engine over here and fetch me the toad and chain!"

It seemed to Gene he'd been running all night. He signaled McRae and they shoved the two cars out of the way. Then they backed the engine up close to the one on the ground. Brill placed the rerailing frog, set to guide the wheels back on the rails, and they chained loco to the derailed car.

The engine snorted and began to pull. Derailed trucks tried to evade the frog, then strove to shove it aside. The car nearly turned over. Gene's suffering was intense. And there was no rejoicing when the wheels finally crawled back on the rails where they belonged.

While they'd been engrossed, the boomer's train had come up the main track and stopped, blocking their way out. The trainmaster and Latimer came to view their misfortune.

The Clinker read the signs. "That's the particular double drop I've been talking about all this time," he observed, talking like a cement mixer, with a thirty-day suspension in it.

Gene said, "It was all—"

"Shut up!" Brill snapped.

LATIMER smirked like a cat with cream on its whiskers. "Do you remember shouting that I'd not see your marker lights all the way in?" he asked.

"Boomer," Brill nodded, "somebody's going to starch that smile on your face so it won't ever come off."

Quicksilver dawn raced along the rim of the world. The senseless bleat and giggle of disturbed sheep broke out. Drovers herded the animals into a car set at the chute. When it was loaded, one of them levered with a pinch-bar under a wheel and rolled it out of the way down the siding.

Gene watched the man on top, working the brake-wheel, with the derisive regard of a professional for the performance of an awkward amateur. The guy let it come up against a chunk on the rail before he got it stopped, and he didn't wind up those last notches on the ratchet that a good brakeman gets, to make sure the car will stand against the grade.

Latimer's engineer whistled off and began to roll.

"You keep in mind that car of blasting powder we've got in our train," the Clinker warned, as he prepared to swing aboard the caboose. "You stay well behind us."

They waited ten minutes and then pulled out. It was like descending a long staircase into the gorge. The train doubled on itself in wide sweeps and hairpin turns. They passed the same haystack four times and they didn't see the hind end for ten miles. Cold sunlight spilled through the saddlebacks.

Eggert leaned on his scoop and slapped a bitter spit into the apron. "We've sold out our complete interest in the plow train," he mourned, "at a dead loss."

The stack was dead. The hiss of compressed air cut through the slow pound of brasses as McRae kept an even check on the crowding cars. The sullen grind of brakeshoes against hot wheels came back in a cascade of echoes that sounded like the inside of a drum.

It seemed as if the expasperating yammer of sheep was mixed up in all the other hollow sounds bouncing on the abrupt walls. The faint giggle persisted and kept repeating itself. McRae thought he heard it too. He leaned out for a look at the curves above.

THE HIGH screech of flanges sawed across the ridges. Four cars straightened out of a hairpin up there on the side of the gorge and ducked into a short tunnel. Four slatted stock cars filled with scared sheep, running wild.

They flung out of the tunnel while you could bat an eye and leaned over on a long curve, a swift shadow on the brown slopes. Those double-deckers held some hundreds of woollies and they were all bawling.

Eggert took a one-eyed squint. "This ain't one of our best days," he declared in disgust. "Them sheepherders let the last car down on the rest of 'em so hard they rode the block and got away out of the siding."

He spat violently.

"When they hit our hind end," he gestured, "we'll wind up all over the hill, scattered about and mingled with dead sheep and splinters. You know how fast they're comin'?" he demanded.

"It don't seem as if they take more than four seconds between telegraph poles," Gene figured.

"You always hope they'll derail theirselves before they tear up the railroad," Eggert gloomed, "and sometimes they do. But I've seen it.," he clamored, "when a

string of ore got away, it pulled the spikes two inches out of the ties on the curves, and yet they was still comin' when they got to the straight track."

His squint wormed down the gorge ahead and found the smoke from Latimer's train.

"Between a flock of sheep tryin' to fall all over us," he considered darkly, "and a car of explosives down below which he's got to avoid, Mac has hisself a job."

It would scare the daylights out of a car-hand from the prairie who was mindful of the tearing trap they'd been caught in. If the old-timers were afraid, they endured it with a patience learned long ago.

McRae didn't take a second look at the death and destruction chasing him down the mountain. He let the speed increase slowly, bringing it up to the red line he could still control with an even iron grip on the surging cars.

Beyond that line, he'd lose all control and never get it back, and they'd soon plow through Latimer's train somewhere ahead. Those blubbering sheep would then be dumped on top of whatever remained after the car of blasting powder blew.

They roared through a dark cleft and came out into wheeling sunlight. Gene's mind froze onto the contortions of the four cars up there on the mountain wall gliding away and swinging back and closing in.

The twisting shadow was only two hairpin curves above them. A sprung rail joint or a broken flange could fling them clear of the rails and scatter them across the slopes.

ENGINEER McRAE stretched all the seconds remaining before the runaways caught him. It needed only a part of one of those seconds for them to derail themselves, and they might do it if he gave them a little extra time.

The train squirmed through a reverse curve and the engine leaned out over a precipice. McRae didn't use more pressure at one time than the air pump would give him right back again. That pump had to furnish braking power on the long line of smoking wheels.

Gene was unconsciously leaning forward as if trying to help the thrust of the piston by holding his breath—till it missed a beat. That endless second before it began again felt like a short kick in the ribs and caused icewater to drain through his veins.

Then the piston labored and slowed. All the eyes staring intently at the air gage couldn't prevent the needle on the dial from having a sinking spell. It fluttered and backed away and headed down from the ninety pounds pressure it had stood at. Drawbars chuckled and the cars jostled the engine in slow surge that felt like the beginning of a stampede. The red line of disaster came up to the point of the plunging pilot.

In the shadows of your mind, where fear lurked, you knew you were close to the end of time. An ailing pump made all the seconds count against you. If it didn't revive at once, they'd soon be giving those woollies a blamed good run for the money.

There were visions in McRae's eyes, watching the bright ribbons of steel slide up under his locomotive. He had worked the smoky end of a Monte train for twenty years and had looked often into eternity.

Gene caught the smell of frosted pine through the bitter scent of engine smoke. It came to him from beyond the shining peaks and from the look away back in McRae's impertubrable eyes, that the old-timer knew for certain he'd someday ride to glory like this.

The train bent around a pinnacle and skirted a ravine. Gene leaned from the gangway, a smoky notion irritating him. Up ahead, under dark walls, the line turned again in a horseshoe curve and doubled back along the opposite ridge.

Across on the other side of the ravine, above treetops, he could see the rails sliding down the grade. Sunlight flared on the red target of a switch-stand and lit up in his mind. That red disk marked the point where a branch came down from the hills and joined the main track.

He counted off the minutes before they rounded the horseshoe and passed the switch. He looked at the slope of the bank that streaked by and dropped away just under the rocking cab. It seemed bare, except for scattered brush.

"I could cut across," he figured aloud, "and get to that switch before the sheep do, if you want to turn them up the branch to get rid of them."

McRae blinked once. "Did your preacher dad teach you to believe in miracles?" he asked.

"He's somewhat miraculous himself," Gene nodded.

"Then you get over to the other side of the ravine before I do," McRae said, "and switch this train onto the branch ahead of the sheep. I'll handle her like I knew you'd made it."

GENE WENT down the iron ladder and turned sidewise on the pivot of one foot at the bottom step and a one-handed grip. The bank was seamed with frozen snow and blurred and changing so fast you couldn't pick out a place to light. He swung backward against the momentum and pushed off into empty air.

The cold slap of it sucked his breath away. His mind was as clear as snow water, reflecting the swarming details. Bow your back so it won't cave in, and don't stiffen up for the shock of landing. A short youngster doesn't break in two as easy as a long man. Light loose and ready to bounce, but not turn over. Look out to change the direction of your skid, should scrub brush or the tip of a buried rock come in line.

Then, just before he struck, there came the mortifying recollection of the first time he'd ever unloaded at high speed, and got up with particles of the cinder platform buried in his bleeding hands and knees.

His boots broke the surface crust and flung fine gravel into his face, so he couldn't see a thing. He leaned into his velocity and waved his arms to keep himself upright, but gravity sat him down so hard he got his breath back.

He braked, digging in his heels, and grabbed a sapling as it went by. The sudden check wrapped him around the slim trunk and stopped him before he met with

bigger trees at the bottom of the ravine.

Brittle sunlight caught the red target above. He dodged through brush and trees. Thin ice shattered as he splashed across a stream. The farther bank was too steep to go straight up. He angled across, his boots breaking through and plowing deep.

A bluejay scoffed at him from a bare branch. His legs churned and he was on his hands and knees most of the time. His breathing sounded like sawing through a knot.

The screech of flanges gritted down his spine as the lip of the bank dipped down to his chin. He grabbed and clawed and rolled out onto the path beside the main track.

As he turned over, he watched the stock cars loop around the pinnacle. They staggered and straightened out, chasing the trail of smoke from McRae's engine. You'd think those damned baa-baa's would have lost their silly voices by now. But they hadn't a bit.

McRae whistled a sharp demand from close around a shoulder of rock. Gene got his knees under him, shoved up with his hands, and slogged across the main track to the red target. The lunging point of the pilot was at his elbow when he opened the switch.

McRae looked down at him benevolently, gaunt and amiable, through trailing smoke and steam. The boiler rolled and tried to twist itself from the frame as the engine reeled into the switch and took to the branch.

THE CARS bucked and yanked at the drawbars, trying to tear themselves apart. The caboose bounced by and merrily flirted its hind end at him. He could hear the engine bellow when McRae opened her up to outrun the outlaws till the upgrade slowed them down.

His pulse pounded out the seconds till the wild cars whipped around the shoulder and ducked into the branch. They were gone out of sight before the babble and crash had died down. Then the blind canyon was empty. Its quiet frozen up solid.

Gray clouds sprawled across the peaks and smelled of snow. He could hear the sheep coming back down the branch. They seemed aware that they were now safely coupled to the train, and their remarks were brief and blatant as McRae backed out onto the main track. Brill switched them in ahead of the caboose, and when Mac had tinkered the pump, they rolled on down through the gorge.

They headed into the terminal yard at the end of the run. Gene cut off the engine and rode her to the roundhouse. He followed McRae and Eggert across the sidings to the yard office. Brill laid his waybills on the counter and looked at Gene as if he'd found his hole card was a deuce.

The yardmaster came out of his office and goggled at them. "Where," he asked in a hoarse whisper, "is your train?"

"Out there on the breakup track where it belongs," Brill waved.

The yardmaster peered. "Look," he babbled. "The Clinker came in with Latimer just ahead of you, raving about some cars of sheep that got away at Muleshoe and overtook you. He said he saw them coming down the mountain eighty miles an hour and right on your tail. They got Latimer's train in the clear at Sandstone and waited for you and the livestock to go by. When you didn't, he knew they'd caught up with you and tore you up. So he came on in and ordered out the wrecker."

Brill eyed him, poker-faced. "Are you kidding?"

"Here he comes to get the wrecker's running orders," the Y.M. pointed out. "You can ask him, but likely it won't be necessary."

The Clinker nearly took the hinges off, coming in, and Latimer was so close behind that there was a collision when the trainmaster planted his feet in a sudden pause.

"The Clinker took on a wild look. "How," he asked carefully, "did you get here?"

"The same way we always come to town," Brill said plaintively. "Down the main track."

"Did the sheep ditch themselves?" the Clinker blurted.

"The woollies from Muleshoe," Brill shrugged with infinite patience, "are out there in my train."

"Haw!" Latimer scoffed. "That isn't where we saw 'em."

The Clinker said slowly, "I saw them coming down the mountain—"

HE FALTERED. He'd been a victim of Brill's superior poker, and that sharp glance indicated he wasn't now bluffing. He walked reluctantly to the window. A baffled look crept across his jutting visage.

He raised a helpless hand and let it fall. He stared at the sheep coupled in ahead of the caboose, counting the cars. Then he closed his eyes. He argued desperately with himself that he'd last seen them looping down the gorge, all out of control and headed for inevitable destruction. Yet somewhere on the grades, and at high speed, they'd edged into Brill's train.

The wild thought wandered across his mind that the woollies had merely been trying to catch up, so they could go along, like the brainless things they do when they make up their dumb minds.

He opened his eyes. It wasn't at all possible, but there it was. He'd better stop thinking about it.

His vague glance strayed to Gene."You tore your britches," he remarked. "Did you take a bad fall?"

The quiet was like the bottom of a well, with all the old-timers staring bleakly at the yellow-haired youngster from the Missouri River bottoms. He'd said his say, prompt and positive, when the boomer tried to hang one on him.

Gene loosened his dry tongue. "It was more of a skid than a fall," he said.

The Clinker fumbled. "Them sheep," he muttered.

Brill slapped way bills on the counter, five of them, showing his hand. "They were in a hurry," he declared, "so we brought them along. This crew," he added profoundly, "operates with skill and dispatch at all times. . . . Had you noticed that the weather's edging in?"

"You mean it's time to rig up the plow train," the Clinker brooded. "Okay, we'll call you for it when your rest is up."

The 4:10 a.m. motive-power lineup at Sidvokodvo is an impressive sight for any steam-starved railfan. Ex-Rhodesian Railways 4-8-2 No. 477 is minus her pilot, temporarily, after ramming a rock on a run.

STEAMY SWAZILAND IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

Text and Photographs by Michael A. Eagleson

ON A DRIZZLY December morning in 1975 I drove a mud-spattered *VW Dasher* through the open gates of the Mlilwane Sanctuary in Swaziland, Africa. The guard, one-legged and walking with a crutch carved from a tree branch, cautioned me against entering the preserve because heavy rains had turned the dirt trails into seas of slippery red goo. He warned that if I should get stuck, there was no way of pulling me out—and I had a rented car.

But recklessly I paid the admission fee and signed the registration book. Waving good-bye, I drove eagerly into the park, heading for the tracks—not of rare animals but of locomotives. Minutes later, I was taking 16mm movies of a thrashing 4-8-2, built by Montreal Locomotive Works in 1948, as she slipped again and again on wet rails while assaulting a 1-in-50 (two percent) gradient with forty empty ore wagons. An endless quest for big-time steam power in action had brought me to Swaziland, a remote part of Africa.

Relatively few people have heard of this country, much less can pinpoint it on a world map. Nestled between Mozambique and the Republic of South Africa, this tiny independent kingdom had no railroad at all until well into the 1960s. The main purpose of this 3-foot, 9-inch gage line is to convey products of the Swaziland Iron Ore Development Company's mine at Ka Dake to the port at Matola in Mozambique. There on the blue Indian Ocean, high-grade ore is loaded into waiting ships to

Mountain No. 704 works hard upgrade at Matsapha with 40 empty ore wagons.

No rest for water tower tender at Sidvokodvo servicing thirsty road engines.

feed the hungry steel mills of Japan. Construction of the 136-mile rail line began in May, 1962, and was completed in October, 1964. Ngwenyama Sobhuza II, the dark-hued ruling monarch, officially opened the railway with much fanfare, and the natives celebrated.

Swaziland had got a railroad at last—a steam-powered one at that. It is operated under contract by the Caminhos de Ferro Mozambique (CFM), which supplies its locomotives and operating staff. The ore cars and brake vans were built in neighboring South Africa from S.A. Railway designs and are owned by the Swaziland line. About halfway between the easterly border with Mozambique and the westerly mine at Ka Dake is Sidvokodvo, which houses the country's only engine terminal and main railyard.

To provide the most level route for hauling heavy iron ore through mountainous country, the Swaziland right-of-way bypassed the fairly well populated Manzini and the capital, Mbabane, home of the general offices. This freight-only line traverses some of the most desolate parts of the countryside. For this reason, it is doubtful that if passenger service were initiated it could ever pay for itself, especially with a competing bus line that provides good service on the main tarmack road joining the larger towns.

Empty ore cars leave the docks near Lourenco Marques and ply their way past the ex-Portuguese town of Goba on the Mozambique border. The puffing trains cut through spectacular Umbeluzi Gorge in Swaziland and follow the course of the swiftly-flowing Great Usutu River to Sidvokodvo. As recently as four years ago, doubleheaded Henschel 2-10-2's were standard power for this portion of the run. The CFM Santa Fe's now have been transferred to the Moatize line in Mozambique to replace engines blown up by terrorists.

TODAY, DIESELS work all trains between Lourenco Marques and Sidvokodvo, except when a steamer is traveling to or from the major repair shops in Mozambique. For the steam fan, the show

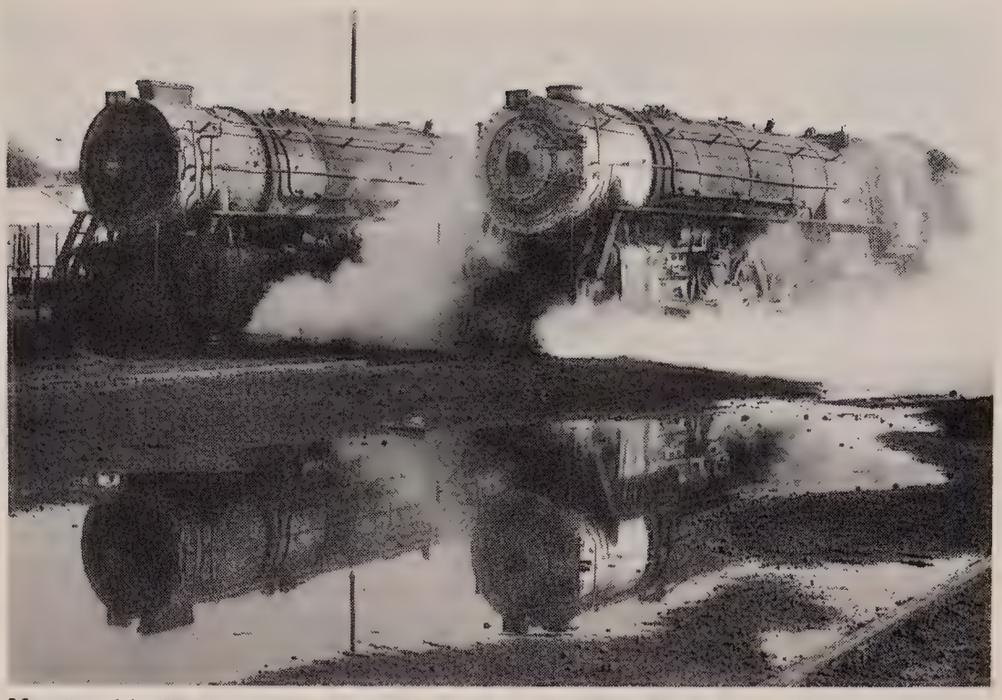
begins at Sidvokodvo. In this railway town, even today, the diesels come off and the big-time North American coalburners go on.

CFM leases to the Swaziland Railways any five of its eight Montreal-built 4-8-2's of purely domestic appearance and four or five of its ex-Rhodesian Railways light 4-8-2's of series 451-492. Engines numbered 451-462 are ex-Rhodesian Railways 11A class, built by Montreal in 1947, while Nos. 470-479 are ex-Rhodesian Railways 12B class, constructed in the railways' own Bulawayo Shops in 1955. Those numbered 491 and 492 are ex-Rhodesian Railways 12A class. North British produced them in 1927 and they were rebuilt at Bulawayo Shops in 1943 and '44 respectively. The heavy Montreals of series 701-708 that form the backbone of road power regularly haul empty ore cars the 57 miles from Sidvokodvo to Ka Dake, leaving at three- or four-hour intervals. Beneath these locomotives, the steel rail that weighs 81 pounds per yard squeals and groans protesting the weight of these ponderous Mountain types.

After about four hours climbing 3527 feet up the arduous gradient from Sidvokodvo through wild gorges and four tunnels within the Wildlife Sanctuary, the locomotive slams under the main highway bridge and passes the yard-limit signs at Ka Dake. Here the minehead and surrounding area high on the southern African plateau, some 4500 feet above sea level, are coated liberally with a layer of red ore dust.

In the yard, the panting engine is turned, watered, and has her fires raked, while shapely young black girls, accompanied by playful small children, sift through the hot ashes with sticks, picking unburned lumps of soft coal to take home to their huts for cooking and heating.

Swaziland is a veritable oasis from the extremely moralistic neighboring South Africa. Each week-end, its hotels fill to capacity and the room rates nearly double as fun-loving white South Africans cross the border for gambling and sex. Bookstores in the towns abound with magazines picturing nude females. The Happy Valley



Montreal-built Mountain Nos. 707 (left) and 704 reflect in pool from previous night's rain. Note comparison of the Giesel and original smokestack.

Mountain No. 702 with her cylinder drifting and valves open rounds a hairpin curve rolling a downhill load through muddy Mlilwane Wildlife Sanctuary.

Fresh in for repairs at Lourenco Marques roundhouse is No. 708. She has her side-rods removed and will be stripped down for a major overhaul in the shop.

Grimy 4-8-2 No. 706 pauses for her formal night portrait while both safety pops explode from locomotive's excess steam pressure.

Caminhos de Ferro Moxambique repair shop at Lourenco Marques, Mozambique, was repairing 4-8-2 No. 701, leased to Swaziland Railways when the author went to that country in 1971

Motel, where my wife Naomi and I stayed while bashing steam for three days, turned out to be a veritable brothel, with grinning, provocatively-clad African girls gathered around the pool and in the lobby and at the adjoining bar.

Whenever I ventured away from my wife's side, I was openly propositioned by breasty native gals. Following dinner, the motel featured pornographic films—tame by New York City standards but alluring to many white South Africans who filled the lobby and selected black women to join them for the show. Naomi and I retired early. I was determined to be at the Sidvokodvo engine terminal before sun-up.

Aroused at 3 a.m., by the clanging of my travel alarm clock, I set out to find steam. After an hour-long drive on tortuous, unmarked, dirt roads, I was rewarded by finding the engine shed alive with activity. Racing the light of dawn, I parked at trackside, just past the darkened police station, and quickly assembled my equipment for open-flash night photography. Mountaintype No. 706 was at the water plug, bathed in a mantle of steam. I handed some color postcards to crew members. Then I hastily focused my cameras—one for color and one for black and white—and fired flash bulbs at the road-grimed giant.

AS I SANK the last brilliant beam of light into her darkened side, the earth shook with the defiant roar of her safety pops letting go excess steam. Eager to get underway, the crew immediately banged the tender hatch closed. The 4-8-2 chuffed off into the bleakness of the western end of the yard and her assignment for the new day.

A faint glow of pink light inched on the horizon. I had just enough time for two more exposures before daylight would make night photography impossible. A second portrait of a Montreal and an overall shed lineup of motive power, with an ex-Rhodesian 4-8-2 on the point, completed my night photo session. As I walked back to my automobile to prepare my equipment for daylight shooting, I glanced at my watch: 4:15 a.m. A half-hour later I took a golden dawn silhouette shot of No. 706 departing with her train. At 4:45, this was the earliest action picture I have ever made without flash bulbs. Daylight comes very early in the African summer.

The sun was well up by 6:30, so I photographed a smoky doubleheader leaving the yard. A Montreal and a smaller CFM 4-8-2 headed west, hauling a solid train of tank cars up the SR's only branch to a nearby industrial area. This line leaves the mainline at Matsapha station.

To my amazement, another ex-Rhodesian 4-8-2 on the rear of the train was adding enough tractive effort to get the whole outfit smartly out of the yard. The doubleheader blasted past my photo location with cylinder cocks open, misting my cameras' lenses. A tarpaulin-covered gondola car separated the two lead engines, indicating a bad bridge-weight restriction on the branch.

I spent the rest of the morning unmolested, shooting locomotive portraits and action views near the enginehouse. The Portuguese crews were friendly to me, as were all SR personnel. Unlike other African steam countries that I have visited, at no time did anyone ask what I was doing or if I even had permission to photograph the rail facilities.

Written indemnity forms are available at the Swaziland Railway general offices, Barclays Bank Building, Allester Miller Street, P.O. Box 475, Mbabane, Swaziland. You may ride the brake van behind steam on this all-freight line by presenting the stamped release to the stationmaster at Sidvokodvo. Although this offered a great opportunity, I passed it up for an additional day of lineside action.

Seven daily round trips are scheduled to depart at approximately three- or four-hour intervals day and night, every day, but the timetable is very loosely kept and trains often run hours early or late. Some are even cancelled entirely. Since the line is operated by single-tracked CTC (the board is located in Sidvokodvo), uphill empties and downhill loads must cross at several passing locations.

Water for the locomotives is taken enroute from a red steel tank beside an icy cold stream at Nondvo. This is a desolate but scenic area for photography. Uphill speeds are slow, due to heavy.

grades and many curves, while downhill loads roll along slowly to prevent runaways caused by faulty vacuum brakes.

TRAIN-CHASING by rented car in Swaziland is all but impossible. The paved road is far from the line and the few intercepting routes are poorly-constructed dirt paths carved out of the wilderness and unusable after the frequent downpours. A powerful automobile with high bottom clearance is a must for traversing the rugged outback.

While trying to chase trains by automobile on the two-lane winding main paved road (an unsuccessful pursuit, I might add), I passed several huge billboard signs blatantly revealing the statistics of just how many people had died on the treacherous roadway. What the signs fail to divulge, however, is that most of these fatalities were not from automobile collisions but from pedestrians struck by drunken drivers. All traveling should be done cautiously in this tiny pleasure-loving country.

But highways are not the only place where disasters occur. Several years ago, two trains, each with doubleheaded 700 series 4-8-2's, met head-on in the rugged mountains. After taking water from a plug, a hogger mistook a green board to move ahead to enable the second engine to take water, for a highball signal, and stormed out of town. He crashed into the face of an opposing train. As the story goes, several railroaders were killed in Swaziland's first train wreck, and the operator who had given the clear signal fled and was never heard from again.

History repeated itself in January, 1976, just one month after my tour of the country. Details of the second collision between a pair of Montreal-built 4-8-2's are unknown to me at this writing.

The future of steam in Swaziland and even of the railroad itself is uncertain. Political unrest in Mozambique has hampered and badly delayed any scheduling attempt to quickly offload ore at Lourenco Marques and return the empties to the mine for reloading. Sometimes no empty cars are available to return home, hence traffic occasionally comes to a standstill.

All coal for the steam power is imported from Mozambique by rail. In an experimental economy move, locomotive No. 707 was fitted with a Giesl ejector to enable it to burn the poorer local coal from Mpaka mine. I was lucky enough to see this engine in action. She steamed with a fairly clean fire, but lacked the characteristic sharp staccato bark of her unrebuilt sisters. However, the 707 did retain her traditionally North American three-note chime whistle. As heard likewise on all the other 700's, this sonorous call drifting over the lush mountains is a welcome sound after you have waited for hours at lineside in the wilderness to shoot an approaching train.

I hear that the Swaziland Iron Ore Development Company's mine at Ka Dake—the main reason for the railroad—may cease operations. If so, the limited freight business, although on the increase, will probably not be heavy enough to sustain the line profitably. In addition, the Swaziland Railway management has considered not renewing the lease with the Caminhos de Ferro Mozambique to provide steam locomotives and an operating staff. If this should happen, the line will almost certainly go diesel. In fact, one source reports that SR has already placed an order for six new diesels.

So the future of steam is uncertain. But for the time being and at least until the diesels arrive, good-looking, loud-talking North American coalburners are still hard at work pulling heavy ore drags in this remote part of southern Africa. ●

A Montreal-built Mountain and a lighter ex-Rhodesian Railway 4-8-2 doublehead an oil train out of Sidvokodvo. A second lighter class 4-8-2 kicks on the rear.

The reckless boomer days of my youth, Malden Yards, Beverly Hill, storms in the Bitter Roots Mountains, and a beautiful brown-eyed girl at Ellensburg

CM&StP Baldwin Compound No. 908 in early 1900s.

WANDERLUST

PART TWO

by Maxwell Swan

THAT FIRST night under conductor Garrity seemed endless. It was raining hard as we rolled through the State of Washington on the old Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and we were soaked by the time we reached Othello. We couldn't sleep in the caboose; neither the rear brakeman nor I had a blanket or even an overcoat, and the weather was almost freezing.

To make matters worse, instead of going right back to Malden, we caught the next few trips shuttling between Othello and Cle-Elum. During all this time I continued to grab what shut-eye I could in the crummy, without a blanket. Now and then I rode the car tops in nothing but my light California clothing, for that was the only suit I owned.

Finally we returned to Malden. The hotel management had put my belongings in storage. I got the stuff out and toted it over to the caboose. Then I bought myself a warm blanket and a raincoat. After that, life was somewhat more endurable.

The St. Paul was never a boomer line. I do not recall having met more than a few of the drifting fraternity on that road, and those few had been hired largely because of the newly-built extension. Nor do I remember, years later, ever having read in *Railroad Magazine* anything about the St. Paul road in the writings of such boomers as Harry Bedwell, "Haywire Mac," Bill Knapke, Cliff Funkhouser, Arthur B. Clark, "Turkey" Moore, or J.B. Relyea.

In my early days, the transcontinental St. Paul line was big and raw and new. It had no more laid down its twisting web of steel to the Pacific Ocean than the hard-rock men—a tough outfit if there ever was one—packed up and moved off into the shadowy unknown.

Then, from the far corners of the earth flocked the boomers, driven by wanderlust. Some were tanned fellows from the Panama Canal and expatriates from Mexico with the dying shots of the revolution skinning their heels. There were men with G rule discharges, bad boys from the old lines back East. They turned bright faces to this new Mecca, just about the last of its kind.

You might call it the last grand spectacle, the final hegira of a vanishing American, the railroad drifter trying to start a new page in life's book. It was a motley collection. Like the old saying, many were called but few were chosen. A lot of those bozos were beyond the pale.

Older men from the East brought along their families to pioneer, for the St. Paul had tapped some rich virgin territory. There were shacks with tar-paper roofs, and primitive log cabins surrounded by straggling rail fences, with century-old tree stumps on the land, and a few substantial farmhouses.

But the unattached lads, mostly young boomers, ate and slept in cabooses. On other roads, particularly the high-toned Coast Division of the Espee out of San Luis Obispo, the average carhand did not live in a crummy. He'd have a modest room in town. When he hit another terminal, Santa Barbara or Salinas, he'd go to a hotel which, at that time, gave you "railroad rates." These rates were so cheap that a guy would be foolish to get kicked around the yard at night by switch engines.

LIFE on the St. Paul was different. The hog law often caught up with us, and on such occasions it was nice to sleep where you stopped. When we hit terminals the family men would light out for home, while unemployed boomers would descent upon you like a plague of locusts. They'd soak up your heat, eat your grub, smoke your cigars, swipe your chewing tobacco, and even try to sleep in the conductor's bunk.

I would stand for their taking a bath in the tin tub we had, wash-

ing their clothing, and boiling out their socks—there's aroma for you—but I drew the line at letting those sons of bitches bunk in some absentee's bed.

A lot of stew bums and undesirables drifted out to the St. Paul. I was hardly prepared, however, for the aged apparition that stumbled up the steps of Garrity's caboose one rainy night.

I'd been working there only a few weeks and had already rated the hind end, which shows you how fast things were moving then. On this trip I was getting the lights ready, as we had a call east to Avery. Busy with the lamps, I heard the caboose door open with a gust of wind and in came the ancient mariner, rain dripping from his cap and his threadbare overcoat sloppy wet. He had a long white beard and seemed to be about seventy.

"I'm braking ahead tonight," he said brusquely. "Have you got a lamp for me?"

You could have knocked me over with a paper fan. Braking on the peaked end was a *young* man's game. You had to be a husky devil to make a go of it. There were mountain grades, where you had to be out on top, skipping from car to car, turning down retainers and clubbing brakes when necessary. And not just for a few miles, but sometimes for thirty of them at a stretch. Visualize a grade that long and you'll see what I mean.

At that time the St. Paul had—and so has Milwaukee Road for all I know—a senseless rule that brakemen had to "deckorate" when approaching a town. That means, get out on the car decks or tops with a brake club and be prepared to stop them if the air failed to work. Such a requirement was good when you had some non-air cars; but after the trains had become fairly equipped with airbrakes, it slumped into an archaic rule that somebody forgot to take off the books.

IT WASN'T so bad for the man in the caboose; he could scoot up the end ladder in a jiffy. But the head shack in the engine cab had to climb over a tender that often was slippery with ice, then down the end ladder and bridge his way across the couplings, with precarious hand-holds, and swing around the car end, and climb the side ladder to the top. Do this back and forth a dozen times on a snowy, windy night and you'll understand.

So I said to Methusaleh: "Dad, if you're an old rail, take the hind end and I'll go up ahead."

He bridled at that. "I was a passenger conductor on the Pennsy back East and lost my rights. I'm a new man here, but don't have to beg off on anything. I'll take the head end."

"Okay with me," I answered, "but this ain't the Pennsy."

"Never mind about me," he said, and stalked down to the roundhouse to ride the engine, a 4-8-0.

We called him Grandpa Boggs, but I'm not sure that was his right name. You had to hand it to the old duffer. He even held up his end in a blizzard that took us 72 hours to run from Avery to Malden.

On this trip I fought the biggest snowstorm of my life. When we pulled into Avery in the early dawn, the white stuff was already falling. While putting away the train, I noticed that the caboose track was devoid of crummies.

"Looks like we'll be first out when our eight hours are up," I said to conductor Garrity.

The skipper shook his head. "If this keeps up there won't be a wheel moving tonight. It'll be deep."

I slept until dusk that day and no caller came for us. On my way to the beanery for breakfast—or supper, as you will—I noticed that Caboose Row was now loaded with hacks that had come in and tied up. So Garrity was right.

That night Caboose Row was lit up like a Chinese New Year parade, with lights streaming from every chariot, fires roaring, card and crap games on, and the bottle going merrily on its rounds. We of the Columbia Division shared that row with the Mountain Division boys, who took the trains over the Bitter Roots.

It could be that this was the first time all the crews got together. I was glad of the diversion. Ever since I hit the St. Paul I had worked 16 hours out of the 24 and it was man-killing. I did more switching in making up and putting away our trains than I'd done on full-time shunting jobs in other yards. And that was just the *entree*. The main dish would be putting your train over the road, with meets, trains broken in two, doubling hills, and engines off the track.

GETTING a big mountain hog back on the rails with frogs is about the lousiest job in the game. You'd have to spike the frogs down, then the hog would thresh itself up over them.

So it was little wonder that I looked ahead to a night of relaxation, card-playing, and mild intoxication, while the storm roared down on us from the sweeps of the Bitter Roots.

But such relaxation was not to be. About ten that night our caboose door opened in a swirl of snow and the night operator barged in. He had a message from Sloan, the dispatcher at Malden, telling Garrity to run light from Avery to Malden and clean out the sidings of cripples and setouts . . . and what a night for it!

The Augean stables of Greek mythology were a cinch compared to that assignment. But in all fairness to Sloan, it was about time for such a job to be done. Every siding between the two division points was cluttered up with setouts.

Every crew with a burnt-out journal or a pulled lung threw it off at the first siding, and that was the end of it for the time being. Whenever you had a meet with another train, you'd shove the cripples ahead of you, then you'd back out after the meet was accomplished.

Sloan must have realized that with the storm and the sidings, the road would be tied up tighter than a drum. Luckily for us, there were no other trains on the line. We received an order giving us sole rights to the division, so we wouldn't have to protect ourselves. It evoked a spooky sort of feeling to leave your train out on the main without a flag, somewhat as though you were the only inhabitants left on earth.

A new mountain hog in the 8000

class was turned over to use, one of those giants about a half-block long. We started out with only the caboose and a flat upon which we piled chains, couplings or knuckles as we called them, airhoses, brass journals, and chains.

AS WE LEFT, all the men of Caboose Row were out waving at us. We accepted and took along a few unfinished bottles that they donated; but neither Garrity nor Grandpa Boggs drank, so I had what might be called a hilarious time. I toasted all the sidings and the cliffs and the hills when we came to them, and drank a special toast to the Shadowy St. Joe, that cool, dark, limpid stream rushing down the mountain gorge.

I was pretty drunk when we went out; but as every rail knows, the minute you're back on the main, the cobwebs fall away and your mind becomes clear.

By noon the next day we had gone only as far as St. Maries, on the St. Joe. We were then utterly exhausted. Sloan gave us permission to shove our train of cripples out on the lumber branch that ran to Elk River and sleep for a few hours.

I remember that trip as a nightmare. Snow was so deep that when I tried to switch I couldn't lift my legs through the drifts. We had to dig for switch levers, although at St. Maries we found the section gangs ferreting them out.

One passing track after another we had combed and chained, putting in new hoses and knuckles. We made no attempt to brass any journals; they were so cold and we moved so little. When a few did heat up, we used the old trainmen's trick of spraying them by hanging a bucket, perforated at the bottom and filled with water, using water from the St. Joe.

Having a little shovel with me, I'd go along the train scooping snow into the journal boxes. Practically all of the crippled cars had their brakes set. We had to climb up to let them off. The snow was so thick on the car roofs that you tumbled it down on top of you when you were standing on the side ladder and fishing for the grab-iron on the roof top.

In the evening, after a little sleep, we again took up our burden and started to clean St. Maries. Meanwhile, Sloan had succeeded in getting a passenger train started out of Malden—that was why he had us shove our train out on the branch—so he optimistically gave us a meet with it.

But we took almost all night to clean up St. Maries and fix our train. The passenger was so long coming that we didn't meet them till the next day. When we did, we put them in the passing track, because our own train would hardly have survived the sharp curves.

ON THE THIRD day we pulled into Malden at dusk with the oddest conglomeration of cripples I've evern seen. The storm, which had abated, now increased in violence.

As I was out on top putting the cars away, they disgorged an equally peculiar collection of human derelicts. Disruption of traffic had damned up all the free riders along the line and they swarmed over our train like a migration of grasshoppers. They were starved and cold and I had work to do, so I let them ride.

Then I heard bellowing just below me on the ground. Looking down, I saw the yard dick pointing to the jetsam and flotsam unloading from the cars. Did he make me mad! No brakeman ever descended a ladder faster than I did on that occasion. I flew down, missing rungs, and stood beside the gumshoe. Here was something tangible to get my teeth into. He was a hulking, burly fellow with a record of cruelty to the 'boes he caught; but to me he was something on which to vent my piled-up irritations.

The bawling-out I gave that cinder cruncher must have set a new record, even in a place so tough as Malden yards. I was a sight, smoke-grimed from three days behind the engine, unshaven, and with eyes red-rimmed from zero winds and whisky.

I yelled that I had taken three days to bring in that train and if he'd been out where he belonged, instead of in a warm shanty, there wouldn't have been any burns on board. The fellow turned white and backed away from me. Strangely enough, I never saw that dick again. Although he was still stationed in the Malden yards, he simply wasn't where I was, although I didn't swerve an inch to avoid meeting him.

The storm was gaining ferocity as we put the train away. We could see there wouldn't be a wheel turning for at least a day or two: so conductor Garrity, who was pretty well done for, went home to his family in Malden.

Grandpa Boggs and I shoved our caboose next to a coal car and a water supply. Then we spotted an empty gondola next to it, for devious purposes. After that, we put the engine away and went into hibernation. Grandpa hiked uptown for a supply of pancake flour, bacon, eggs, coffee, and tobacco. Then we holed up in the caboose for three days and let the storm king howl.

Each day we'd coal up, wash, shave, eat, and visit the gondola. As every rail will attest, nothing is more soul-satisfying in midwinter than a hot stove, pancakes and eggs, rag-chewing, card-playing, and then plenty of slumber, with a gale whistling around the eaves of your circus wagon.

In three days, the storm ended. A mild chinook wind came in suddenly with a warm sun and the snow melted away real fast. By noon we were first out on an extra to Othello. It was such a glorious day that I did my switching with only a light jacket on, and rode out atop the bench we had on our side-door caboose. Only people who have been there can understand the magic of a balmy chinook breeze.

SHORTLY afterwards, I learned a couple of lessons that other roads had failed to teach me. I was still a member of Garrity's crew, on the head end. When we pulled out of Malden one cold, rainy night, headed east for Avery, I was ready for a little "spot" on the engine seatbox. The eagle-eye, tall, dark and saturnine, called me over to read his orders.

"There's an extra ahead of us," he announced. "Better keep an eye out for them."

He wasn't telling me anything, for I always made it a practice to find out who had left before us. Not that I intended to watch for them, because I had practically always worked on roads where they had oilburners and the fireboy was on the seatbox all night. Sleep was my dish for that night. It was very easy to doze off in an engine cab.

A car-hand who has put in several hours switching his train, as we did, slides into the seatbox, cold and wet. Then comes the soporific heat from the boiler, the rhythmic exhaust, the lullaby motion of the high cab, and the drive of the rain against the windows. Anyway, I didn't like the engineer's implication that was expected to watch, and I said to him: "We'll never catch them. They left an hour ago and they are running much lighter."

"Don't be a wise guy," he replied. "I can see that you haven't been on this pike very long."

Well, I thought, this man was a tough *hombre*, to get ornery right off the bat, so I tentatively measured with my eye the length of my lamp to see if it would wrap itself around his size seventeen neck. It was just about right.

One thing I liked about the St. Paul at that time; they were nonstandard about flagging rules, whistle signals, lamps, and in many other ways. A long lamp of peculiar shape, mine was unhandy in switching but it would fit beautifully around the next of Sourpuss. So I nestled down to sleep after giving him a noncommital grin.

That night we had bad luck. You may have heard of hoggers griping when they had to double hills. Such men usually have little ground for complaint. They are in warm cabs and to them it only means a trifle longer on the road and a few horsings of the Johnson bar; but to the trainmen, especially the lad on the head end, doubling a hill is grief.

So when the hog started to labor going up the grade near Plummer, Idaho, I gathered my lamps, buttoned up, and crossed over the cab to the right-hand side to drop off. I wasn't going to add to my troubles plowing back to make the cut.

"Going to double?" I asked the throttle jerker.

"You'll find out when we stop," he said in a surly tone.

IT DIDN'T take an expert to know that the big hog was dying on her feet, so I dropped off and let them go on. Hardly half the train had crawled by me when she quit altogether, and Sourpuss whistled out a flag.

I made the cut in a cold, driving snowstorm. I broke the airhose; then I voided the rear trainline with a bang. That would make setting the brakes easy for my conductor, who was now coming over the tops and tying them down. All he'd have to do was wind up the chains, utilizing the slack.

After the air leaked out, you'd have a train stalled with jammed brakes; when the engines came back, he'd pump them up again and void them, and you'd just run along kicking off the dogs. You learn fast on a mountain division. But if you pull that same stunt in a yard with a string of cars to be switched, you'll spend an hour bleeding them.

I hung a red lamp on the rear cut, for when you come down again with the engine on a dark night you can't always orient your position of the train, especially if your conductor is hugging the caboose stove, as mine was then. I gave the head end a highball and climbed on the rear coupling for a miserable ride.

Snow drifted all over me, but riding the end was better than "deckorating." We reached the top and I wearily setout the train and tied them down.

Then we went back down to our remaining cars, unwinding the brakes, picking up the rest of our train at the top, and releasing more brakes. By the time we got going again, I was really tired.

So I settled down to grab some shut-eye. The warm air in the cab was overpowering. I snatched occasional catnaps, resorting to a trick I had learned from the hoggers themselves. They'd hang their heads out of the cab window, enough so as to hide their profile from the light of the firebox door, and, pretending to be watching, would take advantage of a little "spot."

Not much, to be sure, just a brief wink. Then they'd flash back to consciousness, and soon afterward snatch another one like it. But I remember one engineer whom the fireman and I pulled back into the cab. He went so far off the deep end that his head was a mound of snow and he was still asleep when we got him in.

SOURPUSS was different. He was leaning out of his cab, nervous as an old maid. Fir trees swept by us, their branches loaded with snow, caught in ghostly procession by the headlights. Soon they became dancing marionettes—what a beautiful place fairyland was!

The a horrible noise, the venting of the air in the cab, shocked me back to earth. The engineer brought his train to a full stop, and came over to me. His black eyes, sleepless and weary, were yet full of fire.

"Either you stay awake and watch or we stop here until you do," he threatened.

He had me dead to rights. How would a delay report that read "waited thirty minutes for a brakeman to catch up on his sleep" impress the brass collars.

"You win," I said. "I'll watch."

It was good that he had awakened me, for in the next few minutes I learned two valuable lessons. Through foggy eyelids that were beginning to close again, I saw, like an apparition, four red lights swim into view as we wheeled around a curve in the rocky terrain.

At first I was dazed. Then I became sufficiently aroused to verify what my eyes told me and to shout across to the man at the throttle.

In the dust created by the air venting into the cab, I made my way to the gangway, while the fireboy froze on his shovel in fear of apprehension. This was a bad place to jump—rocky cliffs might throw you back under the wheels—but it was better than being mangled or burnt to death.

I swung down the gangway as the caboose lights drew nearer. Then I saw that we weren't going to hit, for the other train was on the sidetrack and the crew had neglected to turn their lights to

green. A boomer, a bullet-headed chap whom I knew slightly, stumbled out of the lighted caboose door, still drugged with sleep as we slid past him.

My hogger's whistle had aroused the boomer. Never had I heard such harsh, menacing blasts from an engine as I heard then. They echoed over the hills, Sourpuss ironically calling for signals.

THAT NIGHT the boomer took a tough dressing down. Even I righteously added my comments to the hogger's—I, who just a short time before, had merrily slept while going down the grade.

That taught me never again to slumber at night on a coal burning furnace. Thereafter, I was always careful to close a switch after putting the train on a siding and to turn the markers green.

Somehow I got off of Garrity's car. In the dim mists of the past it is hard to remember some things. It may be that I wanted Grandpa Boggs to catch the rear end. However, I think it was more likely because I desired to work on the Mountain Division and, as Garrity's family lived at Malden, we usually went only to either Avery or Othello.

So the next change saw me working on a car out of Othello to Cle-Elum and back. Cle-Elum may have had something to do with it, as this was a fairly tough mining town, besides being, I think, a division point for the Northern Pacific.

Somehwere nearby I recall the Yakima River ran. I have an erotic recollection of making love on its banks on a beautiful, starry spring night. I don't remember the girl's name, although she was hot with passion as I was, and a perfect darling, nor the names of the crew I worked with, but I'll never forget Beverly Hill.

The incline at this point is deceptive. At first it seems to be merely a gargantuan but gradual swelling of land. There is really a grade steeper than two percent for more than twenty miles. It is, I believe, the stiffest grade on the St. Paul, dropping 1900 feet, or over one-third of a mile, in the twenty miles.

As I recall, the western slope of the Cascades has a lesser grade of 1600 feet in about twenty-one miles, the Bitter Roots 1700 feet in twenty-one miles, and the Continental Divide 2100 feet in thirty miles.

Beverly Hill deserves a place in railroad lore with Raton Pass, which, if the maps are right, drops only 1600 feet in twenty-two miles. Maybe I'm wrong about this, but I suspect that Beverly Hill leads them all in steepness.

ONE DAY I heard an Elevated Railway motorman in Chicago—accoutered like a real hogger, peaked cap and overalls—tell another motorman on a station platform how he had held them down while coming into the terminal at Laramie. It was so real that at first I thought I was listening to a couple of UP hands. Then I gathered that operation on the hill was merely bringing some cars down to street level for a block at Laramie Avenue in Chicago.

I wonder what this gent would have thought about having thousands of rolling tons crowd him for thirty miles. Maybe such an experience would have given him two or three gray hairs, at least.

Many a lad from back East got that feeling the first time he took a train down. We had to unbuckle some of those fellows at the bottom of the hill; they were so scrunched up from tenseness that they could hardly get their knee joints to work.

Yes, Beverly Hill is deceptive. It has none of the grandeur of the Southern Pacific winding along a narrow ledge cut high up on the Sierra Nevadas near Truckee, California.

Even the Cuerata grade on the Santa Margareta Hill out of San Luis Obispo has more color to it, except for that particular moment near the foot of Beverly Hill when you go around a curve and then, so abruptly that your breath seems to leave you—especially if you are on top of a boxcar—you see apparently about a mile down, the broad Columbia River flashing into view. If a train got away at that point it would be the world's greatest ski jump!

Near there I once saw two drunken trainmen scuffle for a bottle of whisky over the swaying car tops, and this is how it happened:

Going west out of Othello one perfect day in May, we picked up a dead-heading caboose and its crew to take through to Cle-Elum. By the time we reached Beverly, I regret to say that both crews were pretty well tanked up, so the deadheading gang replenished the supply.

Both of us had the old-style boxcar cabooses, with side doors and a narrow bench on top for observation purposes. So, leaving Beverly with a helper up the hill, we all gathered out on top to admire the scenery and to finish the bottles. The scenery was grand: the high bridge over the Columbia and the mountain tops azure in the far sunlit distances.

As we neared the trestle's end, two lads on the car roof ahead of us began to scuffle for the last bottle of red-eye. They wrestled on the seat. They fell to the deck, rolled along the catwalk, and somehow, with many a heave, bridged their way across the gap to our car and continued scrapping. A half dozen times I thought that they'd go over.

Their conductor, a lunkhead who should have known better, stood upright on the narrow seat bench, with nothing underneath but a half-mile of air underneath him, and whopped it up for the two contestants. One fellow finally gave up, and his pal imbibed the potion in triumph.

GOING UP the hills had its moments, but mostly it was a slow, tedious climb, with rocky cliffs crawling past at a snail's pace and the heat from the hot rocks crowding around you.

If you rode the lead engine, she would seem to shake herself to pieces with a peculiar twisting motion. You could hear the staccato bark of the first locomotive and an echo of pushers far down below you.

Your big moment came, however, if you had a meet on the way up. On a hill like that, each upgoing train, no matter how heavily laden, headed in for the other fellow. The reason was obvious. The guy coming down, with a long train nipping at his heels, couldn't stop on a dime; and if he over-ran

the siding switch he could never back his train up, for an engine could bring down more cars than he could even budge backward, to say nothing of over-running derails and possible collisions.

So in those days all trains, even passengers, headed in at that time. With a big train and several engines rolling up the hill, it wasn't very practical to stop it for the switch and derail. So upon approaching the meeting point, the head brakeman would ease himself out of the side window, make his way along the running board, and get down on the two-inch pilot step.

About a block away, you'd leap out ahead of the laboring engine, gallop in front of her down the center of the track. Then you'd pull out your switch key, unlock the switch, throw it, dash to the derail, and unlock it and throw it, sometimes almost under the front wheels of the engine, which had never missed a beat in all that time.

That took nerve and coordination and fairly fast legs. I weighed about 200 pounds then, but was light on my feet and could step along with any of them. Every time we got a new eagle-eye, which was just about every trip, he'd look at my husky figure, purse up his lips dubiously, and ask, "Think you can make it?"

And I'd say, "Never missed yet."

And I never did. I was on the read end one day when a brakeman from the south missed the derail. We didn't run through it, because the train would almost stop dead if the throttle was shut off, but we had a sweet time to get going again.

We backed down to get off the curve. As I remember it, we chocked up the train in three places, with each member of the train crew standing by his chock. First we let her roll back on my chock near the rear of the train, bunching the slack. Then the conductor threw his chock in the center and a fireman, one near the head end—probably the unhappy boomer who had stopped us—high-tailed up the track about two miles to catch the fellow coming down for the meet.

After that the lead engine whistled off, surged against the first section, got them moving while the pusher ground out behind the last one, and then, with the momentum from both ends, we got crawling again.

IF ASCENDING had its moments, coming down was all moments. The top of Beverly Hill, like all such grades, breaks in the middle of a tunnel. There is nothing quite so ghastly as a railroad tunnel, especially at night when you are flagging through it and you light a red fusee to stop a train coming behind. You have a moment of almost animal panic when this black insensate beast comes tearing at you, its headlight glaring, and threatens to squash you against the sides of the tunnel.

To get a glimpse of Dante's Inferno, ride the top of a freight car behind the engine through a tunnel at night. At Beverly Hill, for example, you were out on top, gasping in the smoke, a wet handkerchief over your mouth, crouched down low so as not to festoon your brains against the rocky roof.

No riding the engine there. No, right out on top you were. The hill showed up so suddenly that you wouldn't have time to get out on top if the train showed signs of running away from you.

Ahead, the hog would be working steam and belching its black strangling smoke, against which the fire from the firebox made a swirling pattern. Then would come rather quiet. She'd stop working steam and would coast along.

Soon you'd feel it, a swift dropping down as though into a well. The engineer would slap a slug into the train and slow her up, but there would still be that deadly impression of falling. Then you'd shoot out into the open, with God's clean air rushing at you, and you'd have a sense of exhilaration as though you were about to match your wits with Old Man Mountain.

Before leaving the summit, we turned up all of the train's pops, or retainers. For those of you who are not familiar with such gadgets, I will say that they are the little valves at the top of each pipe line that runs up the end of a boxcar and ends right below the hand-brake.

If I remember right, the valves were two-positioned. At 45 degrees they retained a pressure of fifteen pounds against the car wheels, or thirty pounds when turned to a right-angle bend, at which time the hogger released the train brakes.

AS MOST readers know, the automatic airbrake works on the principle of releasing air from the reservoir on the engine into the trainline. This pressure, seventy pounds on prairie lands, ninety on the mountains, forces itself along the train, past a valve, and stores itself in the reservoir under each car. When the engineer wishes to stop, he lets out some of the air in the trainline. Then the stored-up pressure in the car reservoirs being greater than the weakened trainline, forces its piston along, which allows the air to escape through a port and apply the brakes.

On a mountain grade, you can see what would happen if there were no pops. The eagle-eye would make a reduction. Okay, the brakes would be on; but he'd be through. To give the train another slug of atmosphere, he had to release the air from the engine reservoir into the trainline to build up pressure again. This, unfortunately, would let out the air from the brake cylinder and the train would gather momentum while he was building up.

Try that on your violin, say for twenty miles, and see where you land. Not down in the yards at Beverly, I'll assure you.

But the little retainer, humble in appearance, saves the day. It is set, as I have said, to hold a pressure against the brake-shoes while the hogger is releasing. It's no small job to go over an entire train, boxcars, flats, and gondolas, and set them up; and then, near the foot of the grade, go back and turn them down.

On most grades, but not on Beverly, the hogger tells you how many pops he wants. There is no definite rule on this big hill that all of them had to be turned up, all the way, which shows you how important it was. If all went well, you stopped ten minutes at Rye,

halfway down, to cool the wheels.

As you passed along the train looking for those that had cracked under the heat or were unduly heated, you recognized them by the smell that reminded you of mother's iron on ironing day.

When on a siding at night waiting for a meet, you saw a ghostlike engine scudding down almost noiselessly as though demons were at her heels. Her smoke was cut short by the tearing air and you heard no sound but roaring wheels. All along the cars you could see pinwheels of sparks as brakeshoes cut into the wheels. You had the eerie feeling that it might be a ghost train.

YES, I REMEMBER Beverly Hill very well. It was there my best pal quit me cold. That was away back in 1910. We were both boomers—I was nineteen and the Kid maybe twenty-eight or thirty—and we thought we had the world by the tail.

After all these years, I don't recall his name, but I remember him as a handsome little fellow, always well dressed and invariably sporting a sombrero. There was a ruthless quality about him. Hard and tough he was, yet with a polished shrewdness that set him off from the crowd. And close-mouthed as the devil. We made a pretty good team.

Yes, there was a girl in the picture. It caused us to split up, but not because of what you are probably thinking. I'll tell you about her in a minute. First let's get the Kid straight.

Outside of Jack Carroll, foreman of a switching crew at Beteravia, California, he was the best car-hand I ever worked with. In 1910 we were braking together on the then new extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul out of Malden, often shuttling between Othello and Cle-Elum. He handled the rear end while I rode the engine.

We had to make up our own trains out there, without the aid of a yard goat—and a long, tiresome job it was, usually taking about three hours—before we could start a run.

After a time, the Kid got so far ahead of me in switching moves that I gave up trying to follow and had to work from his hand signals. In those days when rails used a wide repertoire of hand signals, the Kid had as complete a set as any I have known.

These gestures were used extensively. The hind man could tell you, by hand signals alone, to cut off your engine and one car at the next stop, spot them on the house track, pick up two cars on the stock track to clear a flying switch of them onto the train, and then re-spot the stock track to clear a public crossing, give the engine water, and finally, eat a meal.

THIS SYSTEM of issuing instructions may seem incredible to all but old-timers, and yet it was common practice, especially among boomers, in the period of which I write.

You had to be good to give such signals and just as good to receive and understand them. They were used all over the United States and Canada. However, there were sectional differences. For instance, the lads in the Midwest, as I remember it, signaled for a drop by pumping their elbows in and out, while Far Westerners favored the alternate chopping of the air with the palms held vertically almost rubbing each other.

The haymakers, or cornfield sailors, as they were often called—that is, the men on the prairie lands—touched their back with one hand when they wanted a hog to back in. The boomer, more chary of waste motion, usually touched the back of his hand for the same operation.

Out of the dim past these signals come back to me as clear as the alphabet I learned in school. They were so ingrained that they became second nature.

A clenched fist with thumb sticking up told the engineer that you wanted a little slack, so you could pull the pin. Two hands held that way meant to go "on the spot" (rest or relax). Two clenched fists with thumbs turned down meant "couple up your hose and cut in your air."

One clenched fist in the air stood for Track 1; two indicated Track 2; two clenched fists in the air, one rising, Track 3; palm out with thumb masked by other hand, Track 4; palm out, Track 5; palm out, turning into a clenched fist and thumb rising, Track 6; and so on.

When you had more than ten tracks it was easier to do the job yourself than to go through the motions. The prize gesture was two thumbs at your ears and your fingers weaving in the air. That meant a stock car or stock track.

SO THERE I was, following the Kid around by a lot of signals. That guy was so clever that even the hoggers would watch his actions with interest. It was like a game of chess. He would get you tangled up with what seemed to be unorthodox technique until you might think he'd never get out of the jam; then he'd make a surprise move or two and the whole thing would shape up just as he had planned.

One day our train had rolled eastward out of Cle-Elum enroute to the long steep grade of Beverly Hill and the town of Othello, and we stopped at Ellensburg to put on the feed-bag. For some reason, maybe a hunch, the Kid didn't go into the beanery with the rest of us that day but stayed on the caboose.

I slid into a seat and studied the menu. Presently the waitress came up. She was small but well developed and quite pretty, and had personality to burn. The kind of woman you never forget. While she took my order she inquired if I were on that train; and when I answered yes, she asked if I knew the Kid, naming him.

"Sure," I told her. "He's on the same crew with me." But I was not prepared for what happened next.

The gal said calmly, "I'm his wife."

She looked straight at me as she spoke. There was a hurt look in her lovely brown eyes. Why any man in his right mind would deliberately pass up a choice specimen like that was more than I could figure out. However, it was his business and hers—not mine.

I chinned with the beanery queen a few minutes. Then the rest of the crew finished eating and they walked out, leaving us two alone.

I knew our train was on short time for the next meet. Soon I heard the engine whistle off, which informed me that the Kid had opened the gate. I had to hustle. The girl quickly took off her apron to follow me.

But when I reached the switch, the rear brakeman was nowhere to be seen. So I stayed there to close it. Just then the dame rushed up breathlesly and asked where he was.

"Up ahead," I pointed.

Her eyes filled with tears, but I was too busy to console her. Throwing the switch behind the caboose wheels, I ran after the train, caught it, and swung a highball.

Inside the crummy I found the Kid sitting on the cushions, and I said: "Just saw your wife."

His answer was sharp. "You didn't tell her where I was, did you?"

"Why, sure I did."

His tone had nettled me. I resented the fact that Beautiful Brown Eyes was throwing herself away on a guy like that.

"You never told me your private affairs," I added. "I thought you'd be glad to meet her."

"Glad, hell! That little bitch has been trailing me from Jerusalem to Jericho. Can't shake her. No sooner do I get a new job than she bobs up again. I'm fed up on it."

His mood was sour, so I shut my trap. But later, as I climbed into the cupola to watch the scenery drift by I could not help wondering how many a man would give everything he owned to be in the Kid's shoes that day and be followed by an attractive gal breaking her heart over him. It beats me why some skirts are like that. Treat 'em rotten and they're still crazy about you.

WHEN we stopped at Boylston I walked along beside the train noting the non-air cars, looking for brake-beams, busted air-hoses, and the like. That was always a solemn occasion up there on the summit. It reminded you of a fighter girding himself for the fray.

Reaching the head end, I reported to the hogger what I had seen. Then I started back over the train, turning up the pops, expecting to meet the Kid halfway from the rear. Since he did not appear, I began covering his half of the train. Then I glanced around and saw the Kid in a heated argument with the conductor on the station platform. When I got there the skipper's face was dead white and I knew he was mad. He turned to me.

"This fellow won't take the train down without a swing man. That ties us up tight, but he won't have any more job when I get in."

A swing man, as you know, is an extra brakeman who rides the tops going down, ready to help the regular crew to set brakes if the train shows signs of running away. Each man in the train crew has a hickory club, often known as "the staff of ignorance." When they hear the engine whistle for help they club the brake-wheels, then they meet and double up. Two husky lads can slide the wheels on any freight car but only if the brakes are in good order.

Although no railroad was ever insane enough to try it, so far as I know, I would have been willing at any time to be part of a crew volunteering to take a freight train down hill by hand-brakes minus an engine, especially with the breed of men we had in those days.

Getting back to the Kid, I couldn't savvy his lingo. I don't recall that we'd ever had a swing man on that hill. He and I had shepherded them down a number of times without such help. The Kid was well within his rights, of course. Even in those days I think the Brotherhood rules required a swing man there. But his sudden attitude puzzled and irritated me.

The station agent yelled to him out of the window: "Dispatcher says that if you don't take 'em down you're fired and you should deadhead in for your money."

At that the Kid chuckled. "Give me a pass to get on in," he yelled back, "and tell the slob to have my pay ready."

We lay there until the next freight came along. Then we took a man off her. The passenger train pulled in and the Kid climbed aboard. He waved at me, winked, and grinned. I knew what that meant. He was giving Beautiful Brown Eyes the runaround again.

I couldn't help feeling sorry for the girl. That saucy little number had a lot to offer, and the Kid was just a damn fool not to see it.

I met her once more about a week later. She was still slinging hash. We got talking together over a plate of ham and beans. I gathered from the conversation that she felt blue but hadn't lost hope.

"I'm saving my wages so's to get enough money to follow him again," she confided. "I'll find him. . . ."

Yes, sir, she was a one-man woman. I regretted then that I hadn't met Beautiful Brown Eyes myself before she fell for the Kid. I still wonder whether or not she finally overtook him and what happened. Personally, if I were a girl, any guy who didn't want me I'd tell him to go to hell.

Next month I'll relate more about boomer days on the old St. Paul and other roads in the early years of this century. ●

Baldwin Compound Ten-wheeler No. 127 of the St. Paul line running in 1910.
Collection of James A. Neubauer, 1580 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 32022

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: **Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.**

1. Are the Metroliners in the Northeast Corridor satisfactory?

Yes. They are probably Amtrak's most successful train service in terms of popularity and profit. If the use of separate engines can increase train speeds in the near future to 120 mph and eventually to 150 mph, rail service in the most congested areas could give the fly boys real competition—assuming, of course, that the roadbeds are improved to handle those speeds.

2. Which U.S. railway sponsored an Army division in WW2?

The Great Northern, with its 704th Railway Grand Division. When the 704th took over the bombed-out electric-locomotive shops of the Italian State Railways to repair Military Railway Service diesels, they made the interesting discovery that Italians used steel column supports for the pit rails. Later, the idea was adopted at Havre, Mont., where such supports eased GN workmen's access to the pits and improved pit lighting.

3. Tell me about Ventura County Ry.

It operates freight from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Oxnard, Calif., location of its own headquarters, 10.5 miles to Wilds, hauling farm produce and general commodities. The road was incorporated May 11, 1911, as successor to the Bakersfield & Ventura R.R. It has three GE 70-ton, 600-hp locos. No. 1 was built in Dec. '48, No. 2 in June '49, and the oldest, No. 4, in Dec. 1946.

4. Does CP still own any Canadian Rockies hotels?

They do, indeed. Chateau Lake Louise and Banff Springs Hotel at Banff, Alta., beautifully situated in one of my favorite vacation locales. Nick Morant, CP's ace photographer and an *Interesting Railfan,* has every reason to love this area. Banff Springs was opened in 1887, with four additions later. CP erected a chalet at Lake Louise in 1890, rebuilt it in 1893, and enlarged it several times since. Both are open all year and popular with the ski trade.

5. Tell me about the train-verus-auto race that made headlines in 1913.

This was a grudge race between Pat Dailey, engineer of the Vandalia's Indianapolis-to-Terre Haute flyer, and Harry McGee, driving a Cadillac. The Irish hoghead had boasted that nothing on wheels could beat a train with an able crew, including a strong-backed bakehead who knew how to spread the coal. McGee disagreed, preferring automobiles. Plans were drawn for a race, with judges appointed and a day set for the rivals to leave Indianapolis at the same time.

Railroad supporters crowded the coaches of Pennsy's Vandalia flyer. Motor enthusiasts parked their cars along the road and behind McKinley Inn west of Putnamville, where legend has it that Lincoln once hung his hat. McGee's Cadillac was ballasted with sandbags and a giant Negro sitting on them. Despite Dailey's great on-time performances, McGee roared into Terre Haute and stepped onto the station platform to greet the then-approaching train and a crestfallen engineer. McGee had covered the 72 miles in just 72 minutes. He was known as "Mile-a-minute McGee."

6. Print "The Fireman's Prayer."

The cold rain fell and turned to sleet.
No. 6 slugged up the grade late for a meet.
The wind was high and the steam was low;
The drag was long and heavy to go;
The coal was dirty and full of slack,
With a lumpy roadbed, rough the track.
The grates were locked and the flues did blow;
The drivers slipped on the sleet and snow.
The fireman's arms felt heavy as lead.
As he leaned on his shovel, he sadly said:
"Oh! Good Lord! How I wish I was dead!"

Then the crownsheet let go with a roar;
Off its hinges flew the firedoor.
It hit the fireman right in his chest;
On the back of the tender he came to rest;
Wrapped around the brakewheel, coal boards in his lap,
With his shovel for a pillow, he took a nap.

He opened his eyes, saw the steam and smoke;
He felt his bones to see if they're broke,
And he muttered: "Good Lord! Can't you take a joke?"

7. I'm a brakeman on The Family Lines. What is the most frequent cause of delay in payment of sickness benefits?

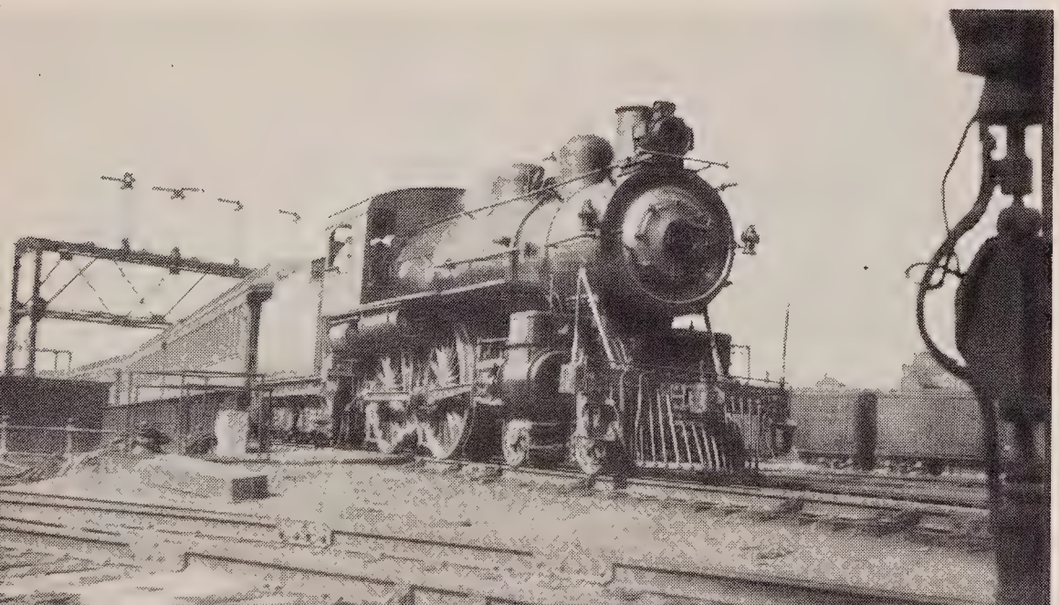
Incorrect Social Security numbers on application forms. An employee applying for sickness benefits should attach the right-hand sickness benefit portion of the Form BA-6, Certificate of Service Months and Compensation, which shows his correct Social Security number, to the application for sickness benefits he sends to the U.S. Railroad Retirement Board. But don't delay mailing your application if a BA-6 form is unavailable.

8. Anything on regular weekday passenger trains running out of Boston's South Station in 1905?

Yes. Combined summer schedulees of the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Boston & Albany showed 774 such trains using the big terminal that

New York, New Haven & Hartford No. 1202, class A-s, built by Rhode Island in 1902, shown with string of varnish near Boston's South Station in 1907.

Collection of Gorton T. H. Wilbur



year (876 in 1907). Also 762 winter trains. Some 24,166,592 passengers used South Station in 1900, and 31,831,390 in 1907.

9. What is an AB brake?

It is the standard freight-car brake, consisting of the AB or ABD valve, the brake cylinder, the auxiliary and emergency reservoirs combined in a single unit, and the dust collector, cut-out cock, and retaining valve.

10. What were specs of St. Louis Southwestern Mountain type 675-679?

These Cotton Belt 4-8-2's had 26x28" cylinders, 73" drivers, and 200 lbs. of boiler pressure. They weighed 313,000 lbs. without tender and developed 44,079 lbs. tractive force.

11. What are the prospects of Canadian National passenger transcontinental and Maritime services?

Rad Latimer, CN vice president and senior executive officer, puts it this way: "The position we understand that the Government has taken is that there is more rail passenger service in terms of train-miles and car-miles on the Transcontinental and Maritime lines than should be continued into the future. This does not mean these services would be downgraded. In fact, we might even improve some aspects of them. But we'll have fewer train- and car-miles. I think that before many years go by we'll come in some fashion to one full-service passenger train daily to the West and one full-service passenger train daily to the East."

12. What was the KAC&LC?

The Keesville, Ausable Chasm & Lake Champlain. Incorporated in 1889, it was operated by steam from 1890 to March 1, 1906, when juice was substituted. Trains ran between Port Kent and Keesville, N.Y., until service ended Feb. 5, 1924.

13. What's a Blue China railroad setting?

In 1927, the Baltimore & Ohio produced special blue chinaware to commemorate its 100th anniversary as the nation's first chartered railroad. Each dish pictures a historic place passed by B&O trains. Scammall China Co. of Trenton, N.J., manufactured them, and the road's dining-car stewards sold them. I understand the dishes have since been reissued. The newer pieces are marked Shenango China, New Castle, U.S.A., with B&O insignia and the dates 1827-1927. I think they are available from the B&O Museum in Baltimore, Md. The original set came with dozens of pieces, including platters of many sizes, gravy boats, serving dishes, dinner, desert, salad and butter plates, cups and saucers, etc.

14. Why was it necessary for British Rail to farm out recent large locomotive assembling to Rumania, especially with so much unemployment in England?

In 1973 the British government decided to play down their coal production, forecasting that by 1985 British Rail would not be carrying very much coal traffic. But the oil crisis called for a new fuel policy. The National Coal Board had to increase production. As a result, the railways could expect to transport more, rather than less, coal traffic in the near future.

The need for new diesel-electric locos, 60 in all, capable of hauling freight trains on non-electrified routes, therefore became urgent. BR Engineering, fulfilling other orders, were not in a position to complete the assembly of many locomotives by the required date. So, after union consultation and government approval, all the various British-made components of 30 locomotives ordered from Brush Electrical Machines would be assembled in Rumania, where resources were available to meet the delivery date. However, a production line has been set up for the remaining 30 engines to be assembled at BRE's Doncaster works.

15. Who was Joel Hunt?

One of the South's finest civil engineers. Among the projects, according to the Atlanta Historical Society, that epitomize Hunt's contribution to the growth and renown of Georgia's largest city were Inman Park and the Atlanta & Edgewood Street R.R. Co. Both constituted firsts in the city—Inman Park being the premier residential suburb and the A&E the city's first electric transit line. Hunt conceived the latter as a link between Inman Park and the center of the city less than two miles to the west. Atlanta claims to have had the nation's first electric streetcar on Aug. 22, 1889, but some transit experts dispute this claim.

Running Extra

QUEENSBORO BRIDGE trolley 605 (mentioned in Sept. '76 issue) was originally 605 of Union Street Ry., New Bedford, Mass. According to the New Bedford Standard-Times, it was the last trolley to run in New Bedford, leaving Weld Street for Pope's Island carbarn at 10:30 p.m. on May 3, 1947. Passengers on its final run included company, city, union officials, Albert R. Pierce, and William P. Briggs, who 57 years before had ridden the first electric trolley in New Bedford, car 46 on the Mt. Pleasant line, Oct. 10, 1890.—Charles M. Smith, chairman, N.Y. Chapter, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, 3 Princeton Rd., Strafford-Wayne, Pa. 19087.

Girl guides on CPR train at Lake Louise depot in Canadian Rockies in 1927.

Canadian Pacific Railway

I WANT railroad caps and badges, especially from the Erie and Nickel Plate.—Tony Savino, Box 3550, Pasadena, Calif. 91103.

ANYONE HAVE info on Wheeling & Lake Erie history? Any books published on the subject.—Lewis Berkey, RFD 3, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

CANADIAN NATIONAL cruise ship *Prince George,* following the fire, was bought by the British Columbia Government to cruise along the B.C. coast. But before she could be refitted, a new government came to power and sold the vessel to private interests. I believe she is now tied up in Nanaimo harbor.—Ken Bradley, 3757 Gordon Ave., Powell River, B.C., Canada V8A 2T3.

IN ANSWER to a query in May '76, the best source for plans to build live-steam model locomotives or other live steam vehicles is *Live Steam Magazine,* P.O. Box 286, Cadillac, Mich. 49601.—L.A. DeMatteo, Danvers, Mass.

LOOKING for a book, *But We Built the Cars,* a history of the 35th Regiment Engrs., WW1.—A.B. Doyle, 1106 Park Ave., Collingswood, N.J. 08108.

WHEN WAS the Gold Coast dieselized on the Union Pacific portion of its run? What kind of steam power did it have prior to that?—D.P. Bell, P.O. Box 10183, Jefferson, La. 70181.

ANSWERING A query, a good article on the Clinchfield appeared in the *National Model Railroad Assn. Bulletin* for June '75. An inquiry at a hobby shop might put you in touch with an NMRA member.—J.W. Mathews, Jr., P.O. Box 18-007, Seattle, Wash. 98118.

ANYONE HAVE history of Memphis & Charleston, especially its passenger operation and its connection with Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis at Stevenson, Ala., prior to and during the Civil War?—Harold E. King, Box 504, Stevenson, Ala. 35772. (Ed note: Try following NRHS Chapters: North Alabama, P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802, Heart of Dixie, P.O. Box 254, Birmingham, Ala. 35201, Tenn. Valley, P.O. Box 5263, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37406, Memphis, P.O. Box 896, Memphis, Tenn. 38101, or Charleston, P.O. Box 12331, Charleston, S.C. 29412).

NEW YORK CENTRAL used gear-driven engines, probably Shays, with dummy (box) body on 10th Ave. in New York City for years. They pulled cattle trains and reefers with a "cowboy" escort on the street. These locos did switching along the line, too. I have photos of them.—R.M. Hamchler, 81 Kenwood Circle, Bloomfield, Conn. 06002.

WHAT HAPPENED to the Freedom Train and equipment that the American Heritage Foundation ran across the country in 1948? An Alco GE diesel named *Spirit of 1776* pulled the coaches.—George Leisgang, Box 27, 4747 West River Dr., Comstock Park, Mich. 49321.

IN JULY '76 ISSUE a map of Amtrak was published with a note that Maine is not served by Amtrak passenger service. It is served, however, by CP Rail through northern Maine with the *Atlantic Limited,* train 40-41 summer, 42-41 in winter. Table 7 shows CP service at Jackman, Greenville, Brownville Jct., Mattawamkeag, Kanforth, and Vanceboro, Maine.—Bruce Chapman, 38 Gilchrist Ave., Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1Y 0M6. *(Ed note:* Neither Maine nor S.D. have Amtrak service.)

I WANT ROSTERS of Santa Fe, Southern Pacific, and Union Pacific within last three years. What does "Espee" mean?—James Bentley, 4511 N. Kildare, Chicago 60630. (Ed note: It means Southern Pacific.)

YEARS AGO on the old *Superman* TV program a scene showed a steam loco going past the camera at full speed. What engine was used? Which railroad?—John Vargas, 442 Rincon Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086.

GEORGE M. HART, curator of the Railroad Museum of Pa., at Strasburg and one of your *Interesting Railfans,* bought the last ex-Canadian Pacific class D10, No. 972, in 1966 for use in the York, Pa., area. She's now used in northeast Pa. on special trips. The 972 is a product of MLW, order No. 51106, built in 1912. For many years she ran on special and regular train service on the "Ma & Pa" between York, Pa., and Cardiff, Md.—L.P. Cummings, 129 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa. 17503.

G.R. PRESTON claimed there were four high-pressure Delaware & Hudson engines, namely, *Horatio Allen,* 1924; *John B. Jervis,* 1927; *James B. Archibald,* 1930; and *L.F. Loree,* 1933. It is not true that they were scrapped after about two years of non-useful life. According to a lifetime of two years, the *Allen* would have been gone before the *John B. Jervis.* This, in turn, would have been gone before the *Archibald,* which would not have been around when the *Loree* was built. I am sure Shaughnessy's D&H book quotes the exact years.—Norman Perrin, 4523 Arabia Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21234.

I HAVE a photo of a Mogul with a name Alabama and EE, about seven letters long, on the tender. Can't make out last name. Anyone help?—Gerald Sundberg, Lakewood & Northern Ry., Rte. 6, Box 329A, Duluth, Minn. 55804.

MOST, if not all, of the answer to a query by Harry Bennett, Jr., as to why North American and European lines differ in the use of headlights can be found in *American Locomotives,* by John H. White, Jr., Johns Hopkins Press, 1968. In a general way, the basic reason for the difference also applies to the widespread use on road engines, especially the four-wheel truck, cowcatcher, and the bell in early American types.

In Britain and on the Continent, capital was plentiful, distances short, and traffic density high. British track was well built and most of the railways were models of civil engineering. The right-of-way was fenced in. Just the opposite was true in the U.S. The first imported British locomotives to our country were nearly useless on poor track. Thus, the early development in America of the leading truck and the characteristic 4-2-0 and 4-4-0 wheel arrangement when the rigid 0-6-0 was widely used in Britain. Poor track and indifferent signaling also were responsible for the use of the headlight when night running first began about 1832.—Daniel Marien, 64-18 136th St., Flushing, N.Y. 11367.

I WANT INFO on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois before merger with Missouri Pacific.—J.E. Hardcastle, 617 E. Main St., Hoopeston, Ill. 60942.

UNION PACIFIC'S *Challenger* No. 3977 on display in North Platte, Neb., is referred to as a 4-6-6-4-4. Likewise, UP's Big Boy No. 4004 at Cheyenne, Wyo., is noted as a 4-8-8-4-4-. Why is the extra "4" added to these wheel types?—F.W. Colburn, Rte. 5, Box 441A, Swanton, Ohio 43558.

A LIDGERWOOD was a donkey engine mounted on a flatcar, powered by steam from a locomotive and used to unload ballast from flatcars by pulling a plow by means of a cable along the cars. The last one that I know about in the U.S. ran on the Bangor & Aroostook, but is now scrapped. Others may still survive in Canada. Any Canadian railfan have info?—John LaRue, Apt. 6, Riverside Ct. Apts., Riverside, N.J. 08075.

FORD operates seven switchers over 109 miles of track at the Rouge complex of plants at Dearborn.—G.R. Preston, Stoney Creek Model RR Club, 224 Pleasant St., Romeo, Mich. 48065.

WHAT YEAR did the Central New England leave its own station in Hartford, Conn., and run trains out of the NYNH&H depot in that city?—Edward F. Welch, 23 Mountain Laurel Dr., Wethersfield, Conn. 06109. *(Ed note:* Suggest you contact "Mr. CNE," Edward Joseph Colgan, 172-12 Crocheron Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358).

TRYING to locate an Alton & Southern switch key believed to be the final key needed to fill out a complete collection.—P.J. Clemmons, c/o R.P. Schocklee, 9817 Glen Owen Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63136.

THE DRI&NWR was the Davenport, Rock Island & Northwestern Ry. It ran between Davenport and Clinton, Iowa, along the Mississippi River.—John Barber, Carolina Terr. Apt. 1C, N. Augusta, S.C. 29841. ●

Chicago & Eastern Illinois 1004 on *Cardinal* leaving Chicago years ago.

Tevis Freeman photo from collection of Robert Bryson

Maybe it wasn't an apparition of the *20th Century Limited* highballing along the Hudson, or was it?
Photograph by R.P. Morris

Phantom of the Century

I WAS PUSHING my way south in the winter last year
It was colder 'n hell and I frosted one ear,
I left the town and headed for the track,
Down the water level route; I didn't look back.
I stomped my feet on the crossing planks,
The cold was halfway up my shanks,
I pulled my head down in the collar of my coat,
Which was pretty thin and me damn near broke.

It was bitter cold and black as night,
The river lapped the shore and blurred from sight,
I done some thinking about the world I'd made,
Ten years of walking and all downgrade.
It was snowing harder than it had all day
As I started south down the right-of-way
And followed the river, walking the ties,
With the wind whipping snow, stinging my eyes.

It was then that I heard the steel rails hum
I've heard it often, like a distant drum
I couldn't see through the black to the fork;
It might be the *Century* heading for New York.

The light cut the blackness clean as a knife,
And danced on the railheads full of life,
She blew for the crossing and rent the night,
Halfway the storm king, half full of fright.
My God, I thought, this had got to be steam,
Or I might wake up and find its a dream,
There's been no steam here for many years,
I still find it hard to believe my ears.

I stepped off the ties and stood by a pole,
And watched it approaching, near out of control,
A high-stepping Hudson leaning into the swale,
She carried white flags, but her numbers were pale.

I was stricken with awe and panic in heart
I clutched the pole tighter with feet braced apart,
The onrushing juggernaut, black Titan supreme,
Hurtling through the night devouring steam.

The deafening blast was as awesome as thunder,
The air was alive, ripping the valley asunder,
The draft gear, the pistons, the stack and the roar,
Like a fiend out of hell and dragging its gore.
A long string of Pullmans with windows aglow,
Cast flashing reflections on the ground down below,
And the last in the string, a club car *Meadowlark*,
Was clicking its wheels and disappeared in the dark.

But well lighted on the observation rail line
Was the white *20th Century Limited* sign.
I peered through the dark as it melted from sight,
And vanished forever like a corsair in flight.
The tower at Ossining stood stark in the light,
The man was just leaving—he'd been on duty all night.
I asked him what time the *Century* went through,
He said: "You're cold. Let's go in and get some coffee too"

I asked him again and even forced a smile,
But he said: "No steam's been here for quite a while"
I told him again, "My friend, this ain't no jest."
He stood up to go, saying: "Mister, you need rest,"
So, I don't speak of it anymore or discuss it at all,
You might as well talk to the mirror on the wall,
But I'd smelled the hot iron, seen the firebox glow,
Like a hundred times before, like a few years ago.

—Tom Albertus

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

IN AN ABRUPT policy change, British Columbia Hydro & Power Authority is planning light rail transit along some of its now-dieselized former interurban lines in the Vancouver area, reports Gary M. Woodley, 304-415 Linden Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada.

A few months ago we announced that a Duwag tram from Hanover, Germany, which had been brought to Vancouver for a trial, instead had been stored and evidently forgotten by a new austerity-minded Social Credit Government. The latter took over from the former New Democratic Party that had ordered the tram for public demonstration in Vancouver and Victoria. Now Harry Lyon, B.C. Hydro's new manager of transportation, reserach, and planning, Vic Sharman, operations planning manager, expect a return to the streetcar in the form of light rail vehicles. Both men used to be motormen on the old B.C. Electric Railway.

The Greater Vancouver Regional District has already recommended just such a rail system. It calls for a downtown subway, then on to the B.C. Hydro Central Park right-of-way via the Burnaby regional town center to New Westminster, continuing in the median of the North Road to Port Moody and then east to the Coquitlam area regional town center. Lyon believes such a project could be funded by a transit subsidy formula with the provincial government, like the new line being built in Edmonton.

Pressure upon the government from city and regional planners in favor of light rail transit has been very heavy. In the last election, all candidates for the mayoralty of Vancouver advocated it as the number one campaign issue.

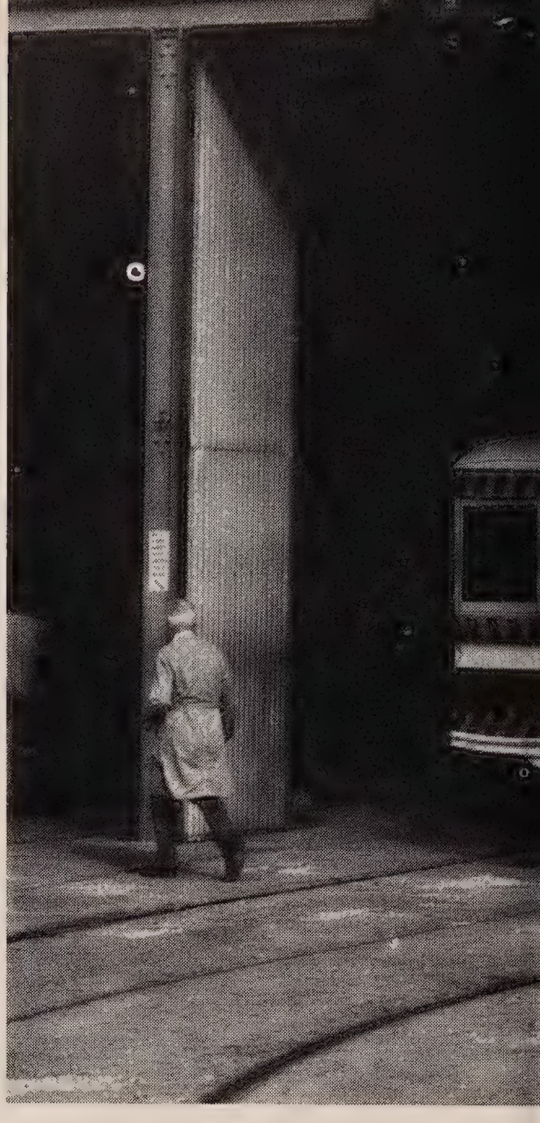
Elsewhere in Canada, the first order of Light Rail Vehicles to be built by Urban Transportation Development Corp. for Toronto Transportation Co. streetcar lines will include two 3-truck articulated cars, according to TTC publicity man Edward A. Wickson. Originally the plan called for 75 double-trucked LRVs in the first order for cars to replace the present PCCs. Now, this order will embrace 71 single units and two 3-truck articulated cars. Among them will be two car-bodies joined in the middle with the articulated section connecting the bodies mounted on a non-powered 2-axle truck. This would provide a single vehicle with almost double the capacity of the proposed 2-axle type.

Due to the successful operation of the few LRVs being tested in the United States, our Canadian neigbors desire a couple of articulateds of their own design for demonstration and testing.

LAST MONTH we mentioned a massive commitment of $600 million to Detroit, Mich., for a new transit system by the then Secretary of Transportation, William T. Coleman, Jr., just before the national election. We learn now from Arthur C. Davis, 7323 Balcom Ave., Reseda, Calif., 91335, that this left only $400 million in the transportation and for future projects, including Los Angeles transit plans. So until Congress authorizes additional funding, little money will be left for transit aid in the country.

Mr. Davis often sends us news items of the L.A. area, in which he has been living since 1901. He grew up with the L.A. Pacific, the L.A. & Redondo, and the L.A. & San Pedro narrow .gage lines even before they were merged in to the Pacific Electric and regaged to standard.

How many readers were aware that trolleys identical to the Los Angeles Railway's old double-trucked, deck-roofed cars known as Huntington Standards once ran on to the Beaumont Traction Co. lines in Texas? This fact comes to us from Ronald B. Goode, 819 Sweetbriar, Shreveport, La. 71105, who enclosed a photo of one of them in a street at Beaumont. "I rode these cars many times," he says, "when I was a boy and even then was aware that they resembled equipment I had seen in Hollywood movies. They were possibly the only ones of the type east of the West Coast."



BIDS on the installation of air-conditioning equipment in 300 to 400 IRT subway cars were opened a few weeks ago by the N.Y. City Transit Authority, but none of the work will be complete in time for next summer's hot weather. An Authority spokesman said the modernized or "retrofitted" cars would go into regular service by the summer of 1978.

So far, the Federal Urban Mass Transportation Administration has approved 80 percent of the funds needed to install air-conditioning in 575 IRT cars. Of that total, about 400 cars will be used on the Lexington Avenue line, and the others on the IRT Seventh Avenue-Broadway line.

For more than a year, deliveries of the new R-46 cars have been received here. Of a total order of 754, about half have been delivered by the manufacturer.

The most recent grants announced by the Urban Mass Transportation Administration of the city area will provide 80 percent of the funds for the subway system: $16 million for four power sub-stations, signal and ventilation improvements on the IRT Seventh Avenue Line, air-conditioning for the remaining 175 IRT cars, some welded rail on the Eighth Avenue line. Total $60 million.

UMTA also approved $20 million for commuter rails serving New York City, including signal improvements for better speed on the Long Island Rail Road and the Harlem and Hudson lines. Track improvements on 11.5 miles of the Hudson line between Spuyten Duyvil and Tarrytown, 13.5 miles of the Harlem line between Bronxville and North White Plains, and on the LIRR between Valley Stream and Freeport and on the Port Washington branch.

THE LAST portion of the former third-rail interurban main line of the Northwestern Pacific may soon be abandoned. According to Paul C. Trimble, 75 Bret Ct., Novato, Calif. 94947, the big railroad has asked the ICC for permission to abandon the entire 10-mile San Rafael branch from Corte Madera to Ignacio in Marin County. Reason given is declining use and no prospect for growth.

Paul also tells us that the City of San Francisco has just voted the necessary

Bendigo carbarn just before abandonment on April 14, 1972. Australian cars 28 (half hidden), 18, 7, and 29, in the northern side of the depot building on tracks 3, 4, 5, and 6. Track 6 was traditionally the one on which the damaged Birneys were stored. Anyone have recent info on these cars?

William F. Bolton, 21 Cowles Rd., Mosman, N.S.W. 2088, Australia

funds to rehabilitate the depression beams on its cable-car system. This marks a trend reversal for major cable-car maintenance. The big problem facing the cables, however, is that most of the older repairmen have retired and only a few men are skilled in Victorian Age mechanical craftsmanship. The retirements have been accelerated by the city's labor-management policies and compounded by a hiring freeze on Muni Railway employees. For a while the carbarn was borrowing mechanics from the diesel bus divisions to help out! They may be good men, but that is somewhat like having a foot doctor to assist with brain surgery. Presently the city is studying ways and means to lower the number of passengers on the cars and especially to eliminate standees on the running boards.

"Well, as a born and raised San Franciscan," Paul writes, "I will say that, rain or shine, the outside of the cable car is the best place to be, because: (1) you can get off an on quickly, (2) you can enjoy the thrill of going around curves and down hills with a nonchalance designed to impress tourists, and (3) you can spot pretty girls better (Virgil Staff, take note!). Times are changing, however, and lawsuits for personal injury attack a beloved and practical system. The plaintiffs see only the settlement."

UNCLE SAM has officially approved the light rail concept for Pittsburgh's South Hills area, permanently replacing the stupid Skybus experiment on which millions of dollars were wasted in recent years, according to Jim Cerny, our dependable Pittsburgh correspondent. The entire light rail project there is expected to cost $531 million, of which UMTA will provide 80 percent. The preliminary grant, $3 million for engineering and environmental studies, already has been made.

The first phase of the project covers the 10.5-mile stretch of trolley tracks from Library, across the Panhandle Railroad bridge, and into downtown. It parallels the proposed line of the discarded Skybus concept. This phase calls for spending $200 million (1975 dollar values) for some 90 light rail vehicles; a major reconstruction and upgrading of existing trolley facilites, including new power and signal systems, new stations, and a new maintenance facility to serve the South Hills corridor. The current light rail plan calls for some of the 70-foot, articulated supertrolleys to go directly to the old Penn Central station as rapid transit, and others to circulate downtown as mass transit.

I BADE FAREWELL to an old friend late in November when a Seashore Trolley Museum crew jacked up the well-preserved body of former Coast Cities Ry. car 703 and took it off on a flatbed truck to the museum at Kennebunkport, Maine.

Almost exactly 50 years before, in the spring of 1926, I first saw this car along, with five others of its type, in the NY&LB railroad yards at Bradley Beach, N.J., not far from where I was then living. It had just arrived from the Newport Electric Co. of Rhode Island. Later I watched the equipment being unloaded at the Allenhurst car barns of Coast Cities Ry., and thereafter I often saw them in service on the Asbury Park-Long Branch run until it was abandoned in 1929.

Laconia built Car 703 in 1914 for the Bay State Street Ry. It was assigned to the Newport-Fall River area, where it

and its mates were numbered in the 4100 class. In 1921 the Newport lines separated from Bay State and operated on their own until 1925. Six of these cars, re-numbered 14-19, along with an express motor originally from Sea View RR. and used as a plow, were sold to Coast Cities Railway.

After CC Ry. abandonment, the body of car 703 was taken to a site near the Manasquan River and used as a cabin, fortunately with a protective roof. The body stood on concrete blocks. But in the last year or so vandals began damaging the car. Its owner got in touch with me and offered to give it to anyone who could use it. I then contacted some trolley musems and found the Seashore Electric group in Maine was most interested, particularly since the car had run originally in New England.

Seashore plans to fabricate trucks, using identical ones under their 4387 as models, and has equipment to restore the car to operating condition, hopefully in about five years.

Last November we mentioned that Seashore was seeking funds to move the 703 (recently done) and also former Cinncinati & Lake Erie express motor 648, which had been located at the Tulsa-Sapulpa Union Ry. in Sapulpa, Oklahoma. Members of the Seashore team whom I met during their move of 703 to New England tell me that the moving project of C&LE 648 likewise was successful and that the 1930-built steel motor is now happily at its new home in Kennebunkport.

DELAWARE RIVER Port Authority has proposed an electrified railroad to run between Philadelphia International Airport and Atlantic City, N.J. The Authority says the system would take at least eight years to build and cost nearly $100 million. Its route would follow the Penn Central and Pennsylvania Reading Seashore Line to the ocean, cutting rail travel time to 97 minutes. DRPA has been studying transportation routes to the seashore, especially since the legalization of casino gambling in Atlantic City, reports Choo-Choo Charlie of Bethlehem, Pa.

AWARE that the South Shore Line commuter rail service really could end soon, Indiana officials are belatedly taking steps to try to save it. But time is their enemy. The ICC is likely to rule on the South Shore's request to drop its 3,400-passengers-a-day service in April.

The railroad asked for abandonment after failing to get public funds to subsidize its operating losses of more than $2 million a year, and to qualify for a Federal grant to buy new passenger cars.

State and local officials in the four Indiana counties served by the South Shore routinely ignored the warnings that the South Bend-to-Chicago commuter service would die unless the public lent a hand. Today, they are eager to show the ICC that efforts are being made to raise the public funds. They point first to a new hope for replacements for line's 50-year-old cars.

Gov. Otis R. Bowen, long opposed to spending state money on local transit problems, says he can now support the idea of sharing with the four counties the burden of raising the $7-million local share for a $35-million Federal grant for new cars. We thank Anthony M. Slawniak of Chicago for this news.

Tram Project in Spain

J.H. PRICE, a columnist on *Modern Tramway* magazine, tells of the possibility of a new museum-type tram line in Spain. He writes:

"A rather old appeal has reached me from Spain, one which I think it appropriate to pass on to readers. Our April issue recorded the closure on January 22 of the last tram route in Zaragoza, and previously we mentioned the sale of three four-wheel cars for preservation.

"Among the few tramway enthusiasts in Spain is José Maria Valero Suarez, an architect in the town of Ejea de los Caballeros, 68 km north of Zaragoza. When route 8 closed in 1972, he bought three Zaragoza four-wheel trams (motors 105 and 113, and trailer 105) and stored them in a Zaragoza crane-hire firm's yard, and with the recent total closure he bought one of the 200-class bogie cars (No. 208).

"Last May he arranged for his five trams (plus four-wheel car 80, rescued from a playground) to be moved by road to Ejea de los Caballeros, where he had arranged indoor storage that might one day be fitted out as a transport museum. Their arrival in town casued great interest, but the local press got the story wrong and wrote that these cars were being brought to start a local tram service. Since Ejea has only 17,000 inhabitants and not even a town bus service, this was not very likely. However, the town council is setting up a factory estate 2.5 km out which could create a genuine transport requirement.

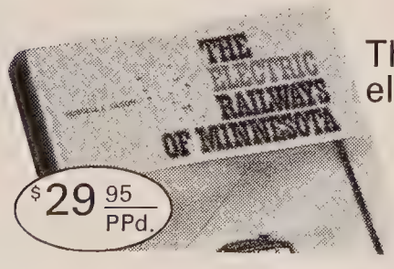
"Despite the owner's denials, the story was taken up as being a good idea, and to his surprise Suarez was approached by the town council to ask whether, in fact, he would consider setting up a tramway there. Since Zaragoza was rapidly dismantling the remains of his abandoned system, he quickly bought three more 200-class bogie cars, six spare motors, a railbender, and a 1964 Siemens silicon rectifier, which together would at least form the basis for starting such an operation.

"Suarez reckoned that, provided rails and poles could be bought cheaply and the town would grant a 60-year concession with protection from bus competition, it might be worth considering. On this basis, the complete installation could probably be built for about 120,000, if such a sum could be found or borrowed. Since the town of Ejea is likely to go on growing, a local transport monopoly might one day be worth something.

"As an interim measure, a company has been set up with a nominal capital of 100,000 pesetas (about 800). Suarez has asked our help in bringing the scheme to the knowledge of tramway enthusiasts throughout the world.

"If you feel like supporting the tramway, send a share contribution (in units of 1000 pesetas, or about 8) to José Maria Valero Surez, Arquitecto, General Franco 3, 4A, Ejea de los Caballeros, near Zaragoza, Spain, and you will receive a share certificate and prospectus with details of the project."

CONTINUE sending transit news to Steve Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.



"THE ELECTRIC RAILWAYS OF MINNESOTA"

The first complete authoritative and documented history of electric traction in the North Star State!

• 8½ x 11 hardbound with full color dust jacket. • Over 550 pages • More than 700 rare photographs, some never before published maps, diagrams, timetables and rosters.

ORDER NOW: MINNESOTA TRANSPORTATION MUSEUM, INC.
"TROLLEY" Box 1300, Hopkins, Minnesota 55343

NOTE: Minnesota buyers include 4% Minnesota Sales Tax

TRACKSIDE in the DIESEL AGE

by Jim Edmonston

L&N 2702 GE U23B (ex-Monon 603) in Madisonville, Ky., Nov. 25, 1971.
Jerry Mart, 1731-B Jan Drive, Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240

AMTRAK'S new *Shenandoah* arrived from Washington, D.C. on November 15th with traction motor bearing trouble on GE P-30CH No. 705. Only a single unit and three cars has been the normal consist of this run lately, and those are Amfleet cars which use HEP power produced by the locomotive. The 705 couldn't be moved, the cars were helpless for electricity, heat and light. So Amtrak scrubbed the eastbound run and bussed its 28 passengers.

No. 705 was towed to B&O's Stockyards Roundhouse for repair, which marked the first time this facility has seen a P-30CH. The only other Amtrak units serviced there were E-units and a rare SDP-40F. A traction motor was sent in from Chicago, but the lubrication wicks (pads used to keep oil on the bearings) were not with it. Lube wicks came in two days later, but were for EMD traction motors, not GE's. Finally, correct parts were put in and the 705 returned to service after a week and a half.

A VISIT to my sister's home near Cleveland gave me a chance to check out Conrail activity there, but very little time to chase trains. Cleveland should be given more notice as a great railfan town. It has much to see. Conrail dominates, of course; but with all the interim paint schemes and various unit models, you shouldn't miss it.

One eastbound freight from Chicago had three Reading units. Most other trains I saw had Penn Central black engines. Four-axle power is common on the main lines, with six axles handling coal and ore runs. Collinwood Shops had many of them, F-7's and PF-7's; all I saw were in black. A few Conrail blue units were there, one SW-900, and a GP-40 in good photo location. An old GP-7, No. 5623, still carries her Peoria & Eastern lettering. Some Erie Lackawanna units also were present, one U-33C and an NW-2 switcher.

Collinwood had so many locos scattered around, I couldn't list them all. Crossing Clark Avenue bridge, which takes you over the B&O, the Cuyahoga River, and two steel mills, I spotted two SW-1001's of the River Terminal (Republic Steel Co.) Railroad, also one of their SW-1's shoving hot-metal cars out of a blast furnace. I'd like to take about two weeks to explore the entire area.

HERE in Cincinnati, my home town, we have a blue Conrail SW-900, No. 8964, and one of those rebuilt GP-20's, No. 2103, also blue. Our first "GP-10," or Paducah-rebuilt GP-9, left Cincinnati on CI-3. She was an ex-New York Central passenger-equipped GP-9, still carrying air tanks on her roof.

B&O has taken the six operating Alco switchers back out of service, covering their stacks and returning them to storage track at Stockyards. These were S-2's numbered 9126, 9033, 9148 and 9166, and S-4's 9013 and 9018. The S-4 9017 also ran a short while last fall. GP-9's have taken back some yard jobs. B&O's new unit order has reportedly been upped to 60 units, all GP-40's and SD-40's.

Western Maryland units have been scarcer lately, but we did have a Western Maryland caboose in town, No. 1862. A rare bird was spotted at Stockyard Terminal the other day: one of Southern Pacific's SD-39's. Norfolk & Western has returned some U-30B's to service; both 8490 and 8491 were seen in Cincinnati on the same day in late November.

WINTER CHANGES on CP Rail finds RS-3 No. 8429 retired with engine troubles, replaced by 8430, which had been leased to the Delaware & Hudson and was unserviceable for a time with main generator problems.

More GMD (London, Ont.) units for Algeria were moved over CP to the Toronto wharf in early Nobember. "Ditch lights" were being placed on most CP units. All passenger-equipped GMD units and all SD-40 and SD-40-2's are to get them. Motive power assigned to St. John, N.B. for the winter include ten RS-23's, one Alco S-2, and one Alco RS with 244-series engine. This last was steam-generator equipped for the winter.

CP was to try out a Hawker-Siddeley APT test passenger train from Thunder Bay to Raith, Ont., in late November. Plans to reactivate all FA's and FB's this winter were confounded by the units deteriorating in storage lines at St. Luc. The RS-2 8407 is reactivated for use in Hochelaga Yard in Montreal. The SD 40-2 5800 and robot 25, on loan to Canadian National in place of their 5004 and 5007, were returned to CP for inspection. Another 5800 and robot will go to CNR for their 5001 and 5003.

On Canadian National, train 45 arrived at Smith's Falls on October 27th with Nos. 6791 (FPA-4) disabled, and 6860 (FPB-4). They borrowed CP 4031 (FP-7A), and 45 went through Toronto with the unusual combination of CP 4031 leading CNR 6860. CP got their unit back about midnight at Toronto Union Station.

A slide in British Columbia derailed CNR 5599, 9196, 9190 and 9164. The new VIA colors are now on these CN units: 6516, 6526, 6540, 6613, 6618, 6622, 6627, 6628, 6637, 15402, 15411, 15439, 15450, 15465, 15490, and RDC 6302. Recent CNR retirements include custom-built RSC-13's (CN only) 1700, 01, 04, 05, 07, 09, 10, 11, 17, 18, 20, 24, 25 and 27. Also RSC-24 No. 1800 (last one of this rare breed), NW-2's 7936 and 7956, extremely rare EMD G-12's 991 and 992, which were London & Port Stanley L-4 and L-5 until CNR took over L&PS in 1966. Also GP-9's 4231 and 4348, and SD-40 5018. New Montreal units 2560-2579 will be assigned to Moncton, N.B.

Those CNR units leased to Conrail (which will not MU with U.S. engines and are thus operated separately) cannot stay in the U.S. longer than 89 days consecutively per year, or a

high tax must be paid. This should produce all kinds of swapping activity, with various unit numbers (possibly even different models) coming down.

CP has firm schedules to shop more than 200 locos this year. All of them will get the new colors, which leaves the old CP colors very rare. Locos known to be in old colors and not on the shop list include: RS-3 8459; RS-10's 8467, 8471, 8478, 8576 and 8599, and RS-23 8033, plus the two stored C-Liners 4065 and 4104, and the stored BLW RS-12 8000.

ONTARIO NORTHLAND has been using freight units and CN steam-generator cars on its passenger trains. Spruce Falls Pulp & Paper Co. was planning to use Temiskaming & Northern Ontario 4-6-0 No. 219 on a fantrip and possibly organize weekend trips in 1977. The St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County has been reorganized and named Vermont Northern. I heard it was owned by the State of Vermont, which contracted operations to Morrison-Knudsen of Boise, Idaho. Both Milwaukee Road and the Detroit , Toledo & Ironton have closed their Canadian offices.

BOSTON & MAINE 1221 slammed into Green Mountain S-2 No. 303 on September 8th near Bellows Falls, Vt.; no damage report available. B&M leased 1555 to the Green Mountain, whose ex-GM&O units (from the Illinois Central Gulf) aren't ready as yet. Boston & Maine's F-7 fleet is down to two "B" units, which answer my question in November issue. These are 4265B and 4267B. The *Montreal Gazette* carried a story about Amtrak leasing two LRC trainsets for two years. If they don't work out, the Canadian Federal Government will buy them.

MORRISTOWN & ERIE RR. of Morristown, N.J., is actively in the market with a program it calls "total package rebuilding" of locomotives. According to Tom Nikiel, 3 House Rd., Morristown, N.J. 07960, assistant editor of *The Switch Point*, newsletter of the Mid-Atlantic Railway Museum of Whippany, N.J., the M&E has completed rebuilding an Alco S-2 for Rohm & Haas Co. and an unidentified SW-1.

Currently on the property are 12 ex-Long Island Alco C-420's, a Warner Sand Co. GE 44-tonner, an ex-Upjohn Co. GE 80-tonner, and two Alco MRS-1 Military Road switchers—one is U.S. Army 2098 (original number) and the other U.S. Navy 10. The 2098 is being rebuilt with parts from the 10, which will be scrapped, and is painted a Conrail blue with red body band and yellow trim. Reportedly, she's destined for South America.

More units are due in Morristown, Tom's report lists: 9 more MRS-1's (presently at the Navy Yard in Keansburg, N.J.), switchers from the Terminal RR. Assn. of St. Louis, and a group of N&W locos, including a Trainmaster, a GP-7, and a GP-9.

For a copy of the pamphlet explaining M&E's program, drop them a line at P.O. Box 2206-R, Morristown, N.J. 07960. Ask for *Total Package Rebuilding* and enclose SSE.

NEXT JULY is the expected delivery date to Southern Pacific of four EMD experimental GP-40X units. These will carry 3500 hp on B-B trucks, breaking with the EMD standard of 3000 maximum on four axles. Two units are expected to be Masters, two Slaves, equipped with full radio control and the "tunnel" air intake system. *Pacific News* reports their numbers should be SP 8000-8003.

AUTO-TRAIN has reactivated its Louisville-Florida service by adding its cars to the consist of the Amtrak *Floridian.* This should help the *Floridian* and preserve Auto-Train's luxury for the Midwest trade.

THE B&O's GP-40-2 1977, numbered when built specially for B&O's Sesquicentennial Year, was put on display on the Washington, D.C., Mall for the Folklife Festival, three miles from the nearest B&O rails in Eckington Yard. The loco was stripped of prime mover, AR-10 generator, and air compressor at Cumberland Shops to lighten it, as it had to be trucked across D.C. streets (minus trucks) to the display site.

A special display set of rails was ready two days later and the loco was re-united with its trucks and remained on show for two weeks. Then it was returned to Cumberland and put back in service. It was spotted in Cincinnati in service the first week of December.

KENT GRIFFITH, 707 Baltimore Ave., Ocean City, Md. 21842, reports that as a follow-up to our Ocean City Western item, that road started up SW-1 114 on November 30th and moved in an empty boxcar from the Conrail interchange at Berlin, Md. The box was loaded and moved back to CR in time for the twice-weekly CR local on the Snow Hill subdivision. Kent didn't say, but that car was probably one of the first loaded with scrap paper from OCW's new waste-paper operation.

FOR FREIGHT-CAR spotters, some new roads to watch for: Jerry Rosenfeld saw a Greenville & Northern box 8035 in Burlington Northern green and white in Closter, N.J. on December 2nd. I spotted an Apache RR. box in blue and white on the B&O in Cincinnati in late November. Also a dark blue box with white letters "LW," which I can't yet identify. In southern Kentucky, near Jellico, I saw a string of Chattahoochee Industrial RR. triple hoppers on a loading siding. The strangest owner in the book sent three tanks into Cincinnati on the B&O. All were HOCX cars, owned by "Head-On Collision Line."

ANSWERING Norman Perrin's query on the New Haven's 3300-hp E-4 ex-Virginian rectifiers, there never was a Penn Central 4600. When N&W took over the Virginian, loco 130 became N&W 230, rebuilt (chopped) into a slug unit, or cabless booster, with traction motors only, no power. The slug went with rest of the locos when the New Haven bought them, but the New Haven cannibalized 300 for spare parts, not having use for a slug unit.

The unit, as a slug, was numbered N&W 180 and came to New Haven in all-black paint. Thus, with 11 of these rectifiers originally built, New Haven operated only ten, 301-310. The PC, of course, took them when it absorbed NH and classed them E-33's, as they are known today. PC (now Conrail) numbers are 4601-4610.

This info came from George W. Metzger, 1456 Medfield Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21211, and Jerry Rosenfeld, a regular contributor from Dumont, N.J. Jerry thinks that only slug 180 and rectifier 236 carried Norfolk & Western markings. All others were delivered to New Haven in Virginian black and yellow but with the lettering painted out. Numbers 180 and 236 came in solid N&W black with no lettering.

Jerry disagrees with my calling Penn Central 2858-59 (ex-NYC same numbers) U-33B's, as their plates read U-30B, 3000 hp, and they fall into a big U-30B order. Here again, model distinctions don't mean much when a builder can upgrade without changing external appearance, which is what happened here. GE simply upped the rack settings, experimentally rated these two units at 3300 hp, and delivered them to NYC in 1967 as U-33B's, which prompted PC a year later to order 66 more U-33B's. Here is an apparent U-30B, with plates to prove it, but sales records and rosters disagree. As I have said with GE units, not all spotting rules apply.

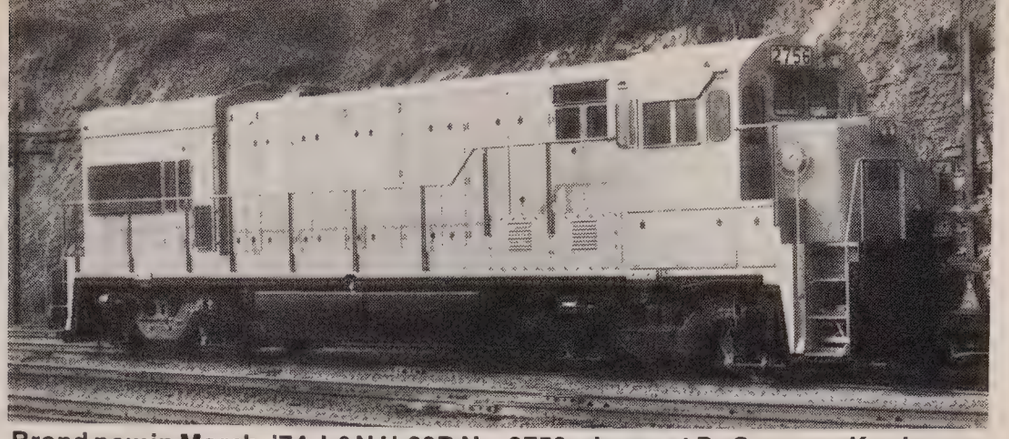
CARL J.A. TIMKO, Box 97-703 Main St., Conneautville, Pa. 16406, lives next to the Bessemer & Lake Erie and asks if General Electric ships new units over that line. It's hard to say, Carl, unless B&LE buys GE units or unless one of the other U.S. Steel roads in the Pittsburgh area (such as Union RR.) does. Normally, GE units leave Erie on PC (ex-NYC), although in times past, westbound units (such as Union Pacific's) were seen regularly crossing Ohio on the Erie Lackawanna.

I know that B&LE serves Erie and maintains a connection there with the East Erie Commercial RR., which serves GE. The EEC connects with N&W (ex-NKP), PC (ex-NYC) and B&LE. Carl has visited Conrail's yards at Meadville, Pa., (ex-EL) and reports seeing units from Canadian National (GP-40LW's), Reading, BAR, Jersey Central, and L&HR, as well as Penn Central F's and EL units.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE, part of the Family Lines, is power-short and has bought outright those Seaboard Coast Line Alcos (RS-11, C-420 and C-430 models) that it was leasing last summer, a total of 41 units. James L. Paty, 115 Oak S., Ashland City, Tenn. 37015, now sends word of purchase of ten SCL GP-30's in November. These are as follows:

The new L&N numbers are 1061-1069 inclusive, all built in Jan. '63, and 1070, built in November, 1962. The builders numbers of these same locos were 27989-27997 and 27944. The original ACL numbers were 900-908 and SAL 516. SCL numbers of same locos were 1300-1308 and 1325.

The purchased Alcos I have seen have simply had their SCL lettering painted out, but I expect L&N to repaint them. It will be interesting to see what scheme they will get.



Brand new in March, '74, L&N U-23B No. 2756, shown at DeCoursey, Ky., is one of last 20 ordered by L&N. Note GE floating bolster trucks.

Photograph by Jim Edmonston

BN U-23C No. 5205 (ex-CB&Q 465), at Lincoln, Nebr., in Aug. 1972.

Photograph by Dick Schmeling

C&O U-23B 2301 rolls eastbound through Covington, Ky., in Feb. 1974.

Photograph by Jim Edmonston

ALLEN J. LEVIN, 10 S. Wayne St., Lewistown, Pa. 17044, visited the former Lehigh & Hudson River yard at Warwick, N.Y., on November 6th and proclaimed it dead for all practical purposes. Three of L&HR's Alcos, 21, 24, and CR 2076 (ex-L&HR 28) were in the yard, with 24 coupled to a northbound freight. The old L&HR Shops are being used by a chemical outfit.

At Lewistown, the Conrail main is very busy, with six trains an hour the usual density, all power being EMD or GE, no Alcos sighted. Recent interesting sights were MoPac and GTW units, SP cabooses, and the American Freedom Train coming out of the fog.

Work crews overhauling the old PRR mainline upgraded two of the three tracks and removed many unused buildings, including one they didn't own, much to the owner's surprise!

PERRY is an interesting rail town, according to Joe Schroeder, 4009 River Rd., Perry, Ohio 44081. It sits on the Conrail main (ex-NYC) along Lake Erie's south shore and the N&W main (ex-NKP) that parallels it. The mix of power and paint schemes on Conrail these days is well known, and many of them pass Perry.

N&W comes a close second in variety in this area, especially with the D&H run-through trains out of Buffalo. One train, Joe reports, had an ex-Reading GP-39-2, still in RDG green, and ex-Lehigh Valley C-420 and GP-38-2, a D&H GP-38-2, and an N&W GP-38.

One road you can't see elsewhere than in this area is the Fairport, Painesville & Eastern, an all-Alco road with four S-2's and 4 S-4's, all yellow, orange, and black. Road is owned 50/50 by PC and N&W. The Diamond Alkali plant is its biggest customer.

HERE'S the official word on new units ordered by the Long Island, direct from G.O. Thune, director of public relations: 37 new locomotives are on order from EMD. No word on expected date of delivery. Breakdown as follows:

(1) EMD model GP-32-2, LIRR class E-20, HP 2000, 6 units, road nos. 272-277. (2) EMD model SW-1001, LIRR class E-10, HP 1000, 8 units, road nos. 100-107. (3) EMD model MP-15 AC, LIRR class E-15, HP 1500, 23 units, road nos. 150-172.

Two brand new PC U-23C's, Nos. 6712 and 6714, outside GE plant at Erie, Pa., in Oct. 1970.
Photograph by George Euboyt

Both the GP-38's and MP-15's will be used in freight and passenger service, with the SW-1001's strictly switchers.

20TH CENTURY Railroad Club of Chicago, which was responsible for Rock Island's Bicentennial E-8A No. 652, has been offering courses to railfans which greatly improve knowledge of railroads and railroad operations.

Last year, courses in beginning rules covered the Rulebook and timetables. Two new courses are offered this year: Beginning Steam and Beginning Diesel operations. The Club has built its own diesel simulator, with a F-7 stand, 6BL brake schedule, and all. Guiding light behind the School is Harry Lewis, a C&NW engineer. For more info write Henry B. Fleming, 2747 Western Ave., Park Forest, Ill. 60466, or call 312-481-6967. Railfans interested in railroad problems and safety factors can enjoy their hobby and at the same time be helpful instead of problems to the roads.

JERRY MART, 2819 Lindsey Dr., Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240, has noticed some DM&IR SD-9's, leased by ICG, running through his area between Louisville and Paducah, Ky. The line was once restricted against C-C units, but that is past history, as ICG's C-636's can be seen on coal trains instead of the usual half-dozen Paducah rebuilds.

JIM CHEKOURAS, P.O. Box 541, Ashtabula, Ohio 44004, is the only fan who reported to me as having seen Conrail locos lashed up with the leased units from Canadian National. I understand that the units will not be multiple because of incompatible connections, but Jim sighted a freight with this lashup in November: CN 4007 (GP-40), 3203 (C-424), and PC RS-3 5332. Perhaps the RS-3 was dead in tow, heading for DeWitt or Buffalo right behind the CN power.

Later, Joe Lunghofer, 3601 E. 29th Ave., Lot 67, East Gary, Ind. 46405, reported having seen this lash: CN C-424's 3234, 3209, and Penn Central GP-38 7884, on November 18th. Joe also saw Canadian Pacific units working on Conrail through East Gary, but no specifics. Anybody else see CP Rail units in that area?

NOW WE HEAR from Richard C. Meyer, 102 4th Ave., S.E., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061. He says the Baltimore & Annapolis track is still in place south of Glen Burnie to Annapolis, although the ICC has given B&A permission to abandon service but not tear up the trackage.

The washout near Marley was not a bridge failure but was due to a clogged culvert in a drainage ditch. A bridge built to bypass it was being built but it, too, was washed away. GE-70 tonner 50 remains as the sole B&A motive power.

CONTRARY to what I've been hearing, GE employe Jim Caldwell of the Lake Shore Chapter of NRHS says those Southern U-30C's and U-33C's were put back in service in September and October 1975. Anybody see them? Modified at Pegram Shops in Atlanta, they ran out of there. Southern had 15 new U-23B's due for delivery last December, which gives them 70 U-boats: 55 U-23B's, five U-30C's, and ten U-33C's.

ACCORDING to Bob Baker, 123 Birdsall St., Endicott, N.Y. 13760, Conrail's ex-PRSL GP-38's numbered 2000-2009 are not the only CR units with the built-out windshield. Ex-Reading SD-45's also have them. Bob belongs to the Bangor & Aroostook RR. Historical and Technical Society and is looking for good black and white 5x7 photos of BAR power on "foreign" roads, such as Pennsy, PC, EL, Conrail, etc., for use in a book on BAR. All photos will be returned. Those used will be given credit lines and will earn a copy of the book.

NEW SOUTH WALES Minister for Transport and the Australian Federated Union of Locomotive Enginemen have settled a big question, with the result that women may now apply to drive electric trains on the New South Wales Government Rys. So says A. Mann, P.O. Box 3, Drummoyne, Australia NSW, 2047.

ANOTHER new railroad has risen from the unwanted roadbed of an abandoned Conrail branch. The Western Ohio, running 19.5 miles between Ansonia and Coldwater, Ohio, is owned by farmer and feed-mill operator Tom Zitter. The line was originally the Cincinnati Northern, then New York Central, then PC, and was left out of Conrail to die.

But Western Ohio has leased a 1943 Alco S-2, ex-Union RR. No. 518, from George Silcott of Worthington, Ohio, and line is being upgraded. Tom hopes to expand the WO from Coldwater to Celina, thus serving Celina industries. At present, it connects with Conrail at Ansonia and N&W at Coldwater.

John H. Tomhafe, P.O. Box 122, New Bremen, Ohio 45869, who sent me this news, is an engineer. He reports the Alco will probably be kept at St. Henry, Ohio. It was delivered to the new road by the N&W local on Nov. 24th. The line's northern terminus, Coldwater, is just six miles from Celina, which was the western

end of the old Western Ohio Electric, abandoned in the early 1930s. Keep us posted on the line's progress, John.

WHO WANTS to buy an Alco RSC-2? Richard Hinebaugh of the Kettle-Moraine RR, (a steam tourist road), Northlake, Wisc. 53064, has two beauties for sale. The RSC-2 is the 1500-hp A-1-A (six-wheel trucks, two powered axles, middle idler) version of the famous RS-2 road-switcher. It is a fairly rare model, with only 65 of the 1500-hp model (spec. E-1661 A&B) built.

The Kettle-Moraine has ex-Milwaukee Road 578 and 594 for sale. The 594 was originally Milw. 988, built in Jan. '47 and still in original condition, with 12-cylindered M&S 244 prime mover. The 578 was re-engined at Alco Products, Schenectady, N.Y., in Oct. '65 with a "250" (upgraded 244H) prime mover, and is rated at 1400 hp. She started life as Milw. 985, built 1/47, and was renumbered 591, and finally, after rebuilding, 578. She's equipped with a chopped nose, which is actually a DL-600B-style nose and cab, making her look somewhat like a baby alligator. She retains her A-1-A trucks.

Either loco would be good for a shortline or tourist road. Dick wants $19,000 for 594 and $29,000 for the rebuilt 578. Call him at 414-723-8074 or drop him a line at the Kettle-Moraine RR. address.

IN THE LAST half of the 1960s the frantic race toward more and more horsepower per unit slacked off, no doubt shaken by the frequent failure of expensive turbochargers, which was on the increase at that time. EMD dropped back ten and brought out the wildly successful GP-38, a 2000-hp B-B that was perfect for all but the most brutal service.

This unit's success might have prompted arch-rival GE to get in the "intermediate" market, or it might have been simply the strength of a request from Lake Superior & Ishpeming for a U-30C with a 12- instead of a 16-cylindered engine. At any rate, with LS&I 2300, a U-23C, in March, 1968, General Electric was in the race, and the U-23 production has proven well worth it.

The "C" version, as was expected, has experienced limited sales, but the U-23B is in a race with the U-30B as GE's best-seller. It is still very much in the catalog (although those units built in 1977 will be called B-23-7's). The U-23 uses the FDL-12 prime mover, turbocharged, and the U-30 line carbody, which makes the unit virtually indistinguishable from the U-30. All except Southern's have the standard chopped-nose. Some orders (like C&O 2300-2329) ride on EMD Blomberg trucks.

The unit is rated at 2300 hp, as its model implies. Penn Central's order for 77 units still ranks as top buyer of the U-23B, with Santa Fe's order of 20 being the most U-23C's ordered at one time. Delaware & Hudson's U-23B 2315 was the first Preamble Express locomotive and is now running in full Bicentennial scheme.

Monon's 601-608 are now L&N 2700-2707. Lehigh Valley's U-23B's, the last locos delivered to that road, and are now Conrail's property, although still running in LV Cornell red. Spotting these units is a case of knowing your rosters, especially in the incidence of a road owning and operating U-30's with them, such as L&N, C&O and Conrail do in this area.

THE ALCO HH-900's 371 and 372 of Terminal Ry., Alabama State Docks (TRASD), were built in 1937 and formerly Birmingham Southern 83 and 86. Last fall they were cut up at Pinto Island Metals in Mobile. A letter and photo of remains of 371, received from Louis Zadnichek II, P.O. Box 138, Fairhope, Ala. 36532, who is Pinto Island Metals, confirms this sad fact. Ironically, the locos' airbrake equipment was sold to Southern Ry. for use on their *steam* locomotives.

STEVE HUBBARD, 16344 Comdon Rd., Albion, Mich. 49224, adds to the reports of F-unit troubles on Conrail in his state. On Nov. 15th an eastbound freight stalled at Concord with F-7's 1747, 1826, 1844, 1734, and 1832 on it. The 1747 was the only unit running. GP-38 7869 was sent out by Jackson Shops and had to cut out the four dead F-'s, as their brakes had locked up. Next day, the four F's were still on a siding in Concord, with Mobile Shop Trucks parked nearby.

CONTINUE sending diesel news to Jim Edmonston, 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. ●

Morristown & Erie 15 sandwiched in between two ex-U.S. Army Alcos and U.S. Navy No. 10 in M&E shops Morristown, N.J., on June day in 1976.

Stephen Palkowetz, 3 House Road, Morristown, N.J. 07960

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

IT IS INTERESTING to note in this, the Sesquicentennial year of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, that a direct link existed between the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, and the start of the nation's railroad industry 51 years later. One of the signers, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, became a founding director of the B&O when it was chartered on Feb. 28, 1827. In the following year on July 4th the 91-year-old Carroll, by then last surviving signer of the Declaration, laid the first stone for the new railroad in Baltimore. Turning to a friend, he said: "I consider this among the most important acts of my life, second only to my signing the Declaration of Independence, if second even to that."

Railfans planning vacation trips this year should consider visiting the B&O Railroad Museum in connection with the Sesquicentennial. It's located in Baltimore, Md., at Pratt and Peppleton Streets. There, among many other exhibits, including famous locos and coaches, you can see that identical stone in the spot where U.S. mainline railroading began. (The country had a few very short and very local railroads prior to the B&O, but no earlier mainline.) Also on display is the silver spade Carroll used in 1827.

The Chessie System, to which the B&O now belongs, expects to complete most of the museum's expansion in this Sesqui year. The edifice is open Wednesday through Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. It houses a great collection of railroad equipment, including an accurate replica of the *Tom Thumb*, America's first loco; a 160-ton Shay, or "iron mule," of 1945; the *William Mason*, built in 1856, prototype of thousands of steam engines that followed it; the Old War Horse of 1848, the only surviving early-American freight engine and a Civil War hero, and the country's first diesel-electric loco, No. 51, built in 1937. Also there are elaborate scale models and track layouts plus antique, open-faced, railroad watches and long-obsolete examples of telegraphy and signals.

Interesting Railfan Harwell West, ed. of *Brass Pounders' Gossip*, like other Morse Telegraph Club boys, is well aware that the bearded Samuel F.B. Morse's first telegraph message, "What hath God wrought," sent from Washington, was received in the B&O old Pratt Street Depot, not far from the present museum.

Chessie has recently moved from its shops at Huntington, W. Va., huge steam locomotives of the Greenbriar, Mallet, and Kanawha types to the museum's outdoor display area. These have taken their places with a Pacific, first of the B&O's President series; C&O's loco No. 377, built in 1902; and C&O's No. 490, built in 1926, a tunnel gager, and a snowplow. A B&O lounge car has been converted into a snack car for visitors. Methinks a great way to pay tribute to the B&O this Sesqui year would be a trip to the museum to relive the part that road played in history.

IN CASE you missed our 1977 railfan club calendar listings last month, here's a recap, plus two others. Calendar sales are a big item for the club's treasury. Let's all help.

New York Central System Historical Society calendar, good, sharp pix, with historical dates, $2.50. (Ohioans incl. 14¢ sales tax). Address Box 10027, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.

In its 18th year of quality calendars, California Southern Railroad offers 13 excellent 8½x11" steam and juice pix of various lines in U.S. and Canada, $1.95 by 3rd class mail (allow 5 to 6 weeks). For 1st class add 50¢ per calendar. (Calif. residents incl. 6% sales tax). Contact Orange Empire Railway Museum, P.O. Box 221, Walnut, Calif. 91789.

Artist's sketch of first B&O train at Mt. Clare station, Baltimore, Md., in 1829.

New Haven Railroad Technical Assn. calendar has 13 steam, diesel, and electric pix. $2.50. Write Ronald J. Hall, treasurer, 280 N. Elm St., Wallingford, Conn. 06492.

Nickel Plate Road Historical & Technical Society calendar, 14 8½x11" pix, including NKP steam and diesel power, NYC&StL 72-seat coach, and W&LE Ten-wheeler No. 47, all with historic dates, $2.50. Address P.O. Box 602, Fremont, Ohio 43420.

Chesapeake & Ohio Hist. Society has a slick job with 13 pix, 8½x11", incl., among others, C&O steam and diesel, Pere Marquette 1220, and ex-Hocking Valley 89; $3 via 3rd class, or $3.50 first class mail. Write Dept. R, Box 417, Alderson, W. Va. 24910.

Dramatic steam shots of Southern Nos. 4501, 4535, 750, 630, and 77 plus American Freedom Train loco 4449 and No. 1 in deep South service, on heavy quality paper, 11x17", $2.50. Add $1 per calendar for special handling, first class postage. Write North Alabama Railroad Club, P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

Iowa Ry. Hist. Museum offers 3 types of new calendars; all electric wall, $2; all steam wall, $2; and desk type, with variety of steam, diesel, and electric, $2.50. Address Elmer Carr, 1510 Silverwood Dr., Ottumwa, Iowa 52501.

40th anniversary issue with 13 good scenes of Michigan railroading, 10x16", foldout type, $2.50. Contact Michigan Railroad Club, P.O. Box 586, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Warren Read of Heart of Dixie Chapter, NRHS, has put together an appointment style calendar featuring old and new pix, $2.50. Mail to Box 254, Birmingham, Ala. 35201.

Rare steam, juice, diesel calendar pix, $2.75. Buffalo Chapt. NRHS, 415 E. Union St., Lockport, N.Y.

THE OLD CP RAIL station at Shawville, Que., built in 1886, had seen huge crowds down through the years, but nothing compared to those who turned up recently when John Diefenbaker, former Canadian prime minister, dedicated a new historical museum. Closed to passengers since 1960, when passenger service ended on the Waltham subdivision, between Aylmer and Waltham, it was taken over in 1972 by the Pontiac Historical Society. The society repaired the building, moved it a quarter-mile from the tracks to the town's exhibition grounds, and then opened it last fall as an historical museum. "The Dief," as *CP News* calls him, was right at home among the memorabilia and Canadian history. He called for the federal and provincial governments to help preserve Canadian heritage.

V. Allan Vaughn, pres. of NRHS

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN never had a National Railway Historical Society prexy more involved in its latter-day operation than the society's new president, Victor Allan Vaughn of Oak Park, Illinois. He's an original Hawkeye, born in Oelwein, Iowa, on March 29, 1934, and has proven (in football lexicon) a good triple reverse back. He left Oelwein for Oak Park, where he attended public schools. After graduating from high school in 1952, he returned to Oelwein to work with CGW in the accounting department. For the next four years he was active in the National Model Railroad Assn., the Minnesota Railfans' Assn., and State Historical Society of Iowa.

In 1956 he entered the Army, serving in Fort Hood, Texas, and Hanau, West Germany, and did the expected clocking thousands of rail-miles in various European countries. Before leaving for his Midwest home and railfandom again, with an honorable discharge at Fort Sheridan, Ill., he was awarded a Citation of Merit from the 3rd Armoured Div. Commanding General for efforts in ration distribution in field exercises involving some 22,000 men.

Back on the CGW, he was promoted from chief clerk to general manager in 1960 and became assistant manager of piggyback operations in 1963. Then in 1966, with the office transferred to Chicago, he returned to Oak Park. Upon the merger of CGW with Chicago & North Western on July 1, 1968, Alan became assistant superintendent of piggyback maintenance, and in 1970 was made supervisor of piggyback maintenance. He served as chairman of the Intermodal Equipment Committee, Car Dept. Officers Assn., 1974-'75, and was elected to AAR TOFC Interchange Rules Committee on January, 1976.

This is Allan's 20th year in the NRHS. Elected president of Iowa Chapter in 1960, he continued in that capacity until 1966 and was elected veep-Central Region in 1963. Honored again in 1963, he was chosen Co-Man of the Year with Ken Crist for *Intermountain Limited* special train with Dick Billings to the first Denver convention.

In co-operation with Dick, there were other domestic and foreign excursions in Iowa and Overland Chapters, including *International Limited*, '65 to Portland; *Finlandia*, '71; *Rail Britannia* '72; *Scandinavian Rails* '73; *Rockies & Redwoods* '74 to San Francisco; *Springtime in the Rockies* and *Winter Rails* both in '75; *Winter Rails* '76; *Colorado Rails* '76, and recently held *Winter Rails* '77 to Scandinavia.

Allan has two brothers, William and James, and a sister, Marjorie. Both parents are deceased. His father, V.E. Vaughn, had been assistant to the CGW president. So Allan's love of the old granger road comes naturally. And there are many other railfans that share his interest in this road that captured the hearts of the midwest for so many years.

JERRY ANGIER writes in the newsletter of the RRE *470 Club*, Portland, Me., that an effort is being made to preserve an ex-New Haven/Penn Central EP-5 electric. For info on the project and how to contribute to it, contact Frank Harvey, 4711 North Lane, Wichita Falls, Texas 76302.

WITH the Colorado narrow-gage tourist season '77 operation still months away, the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic and the Silverton can look back on what were pretty good crowds carried last season, according to reports from Rocky Mt. railfan Boswells Darrell Arndt, Tom Daniel, and Ken Forrest. Last year C&TS carried 25,937 passengers compared to 24,770 in '75. Silverton hauled 114,698 up the Animas Canyon as against 113,785 in '75. Each year more people ride these two great scenic routes.

ANYONE know if *Little Jim*, renumbered last year 1776 for the U.S. Bicentennial by Keighley & Worth Valley Light Ry. of Yorkshire, England, will return to its original name or number? Built by Vulvan at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in 1943, it served the military in France and was bought by the Southern Ry. (England) in 1946. As BR No. 30072 it worked at Southampton docks and at Guildford.

ONE of the Southwest's great railfans, R.H. Carlson of Combres, Texas, who swears by black & white film, as do many others, will be disappointed to know that Kodak is following through on an earlier announcement and is discontinuing its Verichrome Pan Film 616. No compliment to the b&w fans, Kodak will keep Kodacolor II in that size. Say good-bye to another old stand-by of our early shutterbug days!

BOOKS of the RAILS

by Gorton T.H. Wilbur

EVERYWHERE WEST THE BURLINGTON ROUTE, by Patrick C. Dorin, 171 pages, 8½x10½", hardbound, photos, rosters, timetables, maps, Superior Publishing Co., $14.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

When the little Baldwin *Pioneer,* hauling a borrowed coach, steamed out of Batavia, Ill., at 6:30 a.m., Sept. 2, 1850, on the Aurora Branch Ry., her whistle screech announced the birth-pangs of what was later to become the far-flung Burlington Route. The "Q" will always be remembered for its *Zephyrs* and other famed passenger trains, its redball freights, the triple-track race course between Aurora and Chicago, and its proud 5600 steam locos, gas-electrics, and red and gray diesels.

Pat Dorin, who has authored such books as *The Canadian National Story, the Domeliners, Canadian Pacific, Chicago & North Western Power,* among others, offers an interesting non-technical, and well-illustrated book about the great passenger and freight trains, their power, and events that made CB&Q a hallmark of railroad excellence. The camera artistry of William S. Kuba, William A. Raia, Russ Porter, and pix from *Interesting Railfan* Harold K. Vollrath's collection, give depth to the text. Roster experts will like the many gas-electrics and multi-passenger equipment. Maps and timetables give further evidence of the Q's tremendous rail network.

"The Burlington Route operated some of the world's most beautiful and fastest trains," says Patrick Dorin. "The gleaming silver *Zephyrs* were known the world over for their speed, comfort, and dependability. The CB&Q was known equally well among shippers for its fast freight service. Through its important connections with the Great Northern Pacific, Rio Grande, and Western Pacific, the Q operated trains to and from all the West, *Everywhere West,* which became a world famous slogan . . . Few railroads could compare with the Burlington Route in terms of train services and operating efficiencies."

THE JERSEY CENTRAL STORY, by Paul Carleton, 415 pages, 8½x11¼", hardbound, photos, steam, diesel roster maps, timetables, diagrams, C. Carleton Railbooks, $30. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

Paul hit the bull's eye when he said his book is meant to be an all-time photographic remembrance of the CNJ and its locomotives. I don't believe I've seen a better treatment of this venerable Garden State carrier, now part of Conrail. The road's yesterdays, with its own varied power, including B&O and Reading pix, guarantees many hours of good reading. Those 416 pages consist of sharp steam and diesel pix, maps, and timetables, are something for the rosterfan. Probably no other line had more Camelbacks than the CNJ. It was a railfan's delight to see one of them highballing along on the point of both freight and passenger runs.

Writes Paul Carleton: "Our mission herein is to relive those glory days of railroading on the Jersey Central, the sometimes prosperous days of classy and frequently frenzied train action on that magnificent four-track mainline and ample sustaining service elsewhere. Economists today tell us that terminal services and short hauls are unprofitable, the downfall of the Readings and CNJ's. Our purpose is not to pass judgment on such notions, no matter how well documented. This is a book of nostalgia, a fond look at those smoky Wootten-boilered iron steeds, and the distinctive diesel fleet that replaced them. Basically photo/factual coverage, *The Jersey Central Story* weaves together the long gone trails of smoke produced by wide fireboxes, the defiant bellow of booming exhausts, and the mellow tones of chime whistles, followed in diesel days by burbling Baldwins, chanting EMD's and the like . . . all of which was once part of the life along the CNJ of old."

TRAIN SHED CYCLOPEDIA NO. 50: LOCOS OF THE 40'S & 50'S (STEAM), PART 4, from the 1941 *Loco Cyclopedia* and *Railway Mechanical Engineers,* 64 pages, softbound, 8¼x11½", reprinted from original edition; scale drawings, pix, specs, text matter, $4.50. (All titles in this series are published by Newton K. Gregg and available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

TRAIN SHED CYCLOPEDIA NO. 51: LOCOS OF THE 40'S & 50'S (STEAM), PART 5, from the 1941 *Loco Cyclopedia* and *Railway Mechanical Engineer,* 64 pages, softbound, 8¼x11½", reprinted from original edition; photos, specs, scale drawings, text matter, $4.50.

Periodicals and Journals

NATIONAL RAILWAY BULLETIN, National Railway Historical Society, is edited by Wm. C. Wagner, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* Box 2051, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Its Vol. 41, No. 3, '76, was put together by Bill and his staff as a review in pix and text of the year's club activities. The step to this annual *Bulletin* was the result of a NRHS member readers' survey. It's a good "looking back" edition. Vol, 41, No. 4, '76, has pieces such as "Short Line to Yosemite," by *Interesting Railfan* Ted Wurm; "Mixed Train to Moscow," by Joe R. Thompson; Ed Mahoney's "Rails in Las Vegas," and "Kelly's Creek Railroad," by John R. Inghram, and an interesting piece from the Pennsy's house organ of July 24, 1915, "When the Liberty Bell Travels It Goes via the PRR." Good pix illustrate the articles.

THE TIMETABLE COLLECTOR, edited by Ed Gardner for National Assn. of Timetable Collectors; pix, maps, timetables, Nov. '76 issue covered the old "Follow the Flag" route, Wabash Railroad, Dec. had material on Indiana Railroad sleeper service. Louisville to Indianapolis; and Jan. '77, Rock Island timetables. Looking ahead Ed has scheduled for Feb. rare material on Pittsburgh & Lake Erie; for March, Big 4 timetables; for April, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and for May, the old Philadelphia & Reading. Copies sell at $1 each from Bob Russell, 400 S. Chester Pike, Apt. 6-B, Glenolden, Pa. 19036. Regular membership in NATC, $8 per year, sustaining, $12. Details from John Weston, membership director, P.O. Box 339, Wilmette, Ill. 60091.

A VITAL group in Canada is the Ontario Rail Association. For info on their publication and operation, contact them at Box 64, Brampton, Ont., Canada.

THE LENSMEN, Vol. 5, No. 3, Feb. '77, is edited by *Interesting Railfan* John R. Taibi, 14 pages, softbound, 8½x11", glossy paper with choice photos, Box 300, West Brentwood, N.Y. 11717. Published quarterly, $1, annual $4, Canada $4.75, overseas $5.50. Sample copies and back issues $1 each. John has his usual good cross-section of power in the U.S. and Canada. I especially like Howard W. Areeling's treatment of the late NYC steam days up along the Hudson River at Oscawana, N.Y., and Steve Patterson's shot of CP Rail Extra 5822 in British Columbia's Yoho National Park near Leanchoil, with 10,761-foot Mt. Chancellor looking on.

NICKEL PLATE ROAD MAGAZINE, FALL, 1976, managing editor John T. Slater, for NKP Historical & Technical Society, P.O. Box 6212, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46806. George A. Berghoff, the magazine's layout ed, gives some long-awaited attention to the fleet of NKP's H-6 Mikes in text and pix. Modelers especially will like the USRA Mike specs.

B&M BULLETIN, FALL 1976, is edited by H. Richard Conard for the Boston & Maine Historical Society, Box 302, Reading, Mass. 01867. For sale to non-members, $2.

"Ashburnham Hill," by Dana D. Goodwin, is dedicated to William J. Fletcher, who began his rail career as a news butcher on passenger trains on the Fitchburg Div. early in the century. He was also in the road's signal department, but primarily his career was spent as a fireman on the Fitchburg and the old Worcester, Nashua & Portland divisions in the days of the hand bombers. Now 84, he lives in Worcester, Mass. Many of Bill's pix and those of Dana Goodwin illustrate the article. Roster enthusiasts will enjoy the post-1911 B&M steam roster, Part XI.

RAILFANS in eastern Canada, especially in the Maritime area, should enjoy the monthly newsletter published by Scotia Railroad Society, Box 798, Armdale Postal Station, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

THE MIXED TRAIN, 12 pages, edited by Joel S. Boucher for The Camerail Club, 3031 Fourth Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501, is a monthly journal about today's railroading, with articles, pix, rosters, diagrams, etc. Club dues are $2 annually, which entitles you to free copies of *The Mixed Train*. Joel Boucher is also secretary-treasurer. Prospective members should contact him. Meetings are held at 8 p.m. on third Friday of each month in the Community Room, Commercial Federal Savings & Loan, 1921 Harney St., Omaha, Neb. ●

New Steam Books

Reviewed by Mike Eagleson

LONDON'S LOST RAILWAYS, by Charles Klapper, 6¼x9⅜, 139 pages, hard cover, photos, maps, timetables, line illustrations, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 9 Park St., Boston, Mass. 02108, $14. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

London today is a labyrinth of rail lines, some with passenger service, but many freight only or abandoned. The author describes in great detail why these many once-busy lines were built and how they are used or are being torn up today. Their possible future is discussed with a concern for continued destruction of good rights-of-way at the expense of taxpayers and by further snarling the street traffic. Many of old and rare photos illustrate how London's rail lines used to be.

THE WHITE PLUM, by Charles Bowman, 8¾x12¼, 160 pages, photos, maps, Henry Regnery Co., Publishers, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601, $16.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

A strong pictorial presentation of steam's many moods from the 35mm camera of a late Scottish-born Canadian, Charles Bowman. Divided into five main sections: Canada and U.S.A., England, Scotland, West Germany, and Austria, the photos were selected by the author/photographer and captioned with his own witty words. No one country or class of locomotive is comprehensively covered, but an overall expression of one man's look at steam with a camera is evidenced. Photos, locations, and page layouts are varied and interesting. The one unifying theme is the universal fascination of steam.

SEND steam news to Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856. ●

Our Cut-Rate Book Service

As a service to readers, we sell books at about 5 percent off publisher's price. Our discount applies to almost any language railbook, if it is still in print. Allow from 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

New York State resident must enclose 4 percent sales tax with each order. But we do not charge a New York City sales tax because our book agency is located in New Rochelle, N.Y. To avoid delay, send separate checks for books and magazine subscriptions. On all Canadian orders add 10 percent. On all other orders add 40c per book for postage etc. Allow six weeks for service.

The books are available only by mail through Railroad Magazine Book Service, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

	List Price	Our Price
RIO GRANDE GLORY DAYS, by Gilbert A. Lathrop	$10.95	(10.40)
VANISHING MARKERS, by Ralph E. Fisher	$14.95	(14.25)
MAKIN' TRACKS, by Lynne R. Mayer	$25.00	(23.75)
STOCKTON & DARLINGTON RAILWAY: 1825-1875, by P.J. Holmes	$14.85	(14.15)
THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR, by Karl R. Zimmerman	$10.95	(10.40)
NARROW GAUGE PORTRAIT: SOUTH PACIFIC COAST, by Bruce MacGregor	$16.50	(15.75)
LOST PLEASURES OF THE GREAT TRAINS, by Martin Page	$16.95	(15.70)
HISTORY OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL, by John F. Stover	$15.00	(14.25)
RAILROADS OF ARIZONA (Vol. 1: Southern Roads), by David Myrick	$19.50	(19.00)
RAILROADS IN AMERICA, by Oliver Jensen	$34.95	(33.20)
THE STREAMLINE ERA, by Robert C. Reed	$24.95	(23.75)
COACH TRAINS AND TRAVEL, by Patrick C. Doran	$14.95	(14.25)
THE SOUTH PARK LINE: CONCISE HISTORY	$14.75	(14.20)
MILE-HIGH TROLLEYS(Second Edition)	$12.95	(12.35)
PENNSY STEAM AND SEMAPHORES, by Fred Westing	$13.95	(13.25)
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, by Edward F. Gardener	$ 5.00	(4.75)
EARLY MOTIVE POWER OF B&O, by Snowden Bell (reprint)	$ 8.95	(8.50)
CINCINNATI & LAKE ERIE RR, by Jack Keenan	$17.95	(16.65)
HISTORY: ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE, by Bryant	$12.95	(12.35)
AMERICAN SHORT LINE RY. GUIDE, by E.A. Lewis	$ 7.95	(7.60)
COLORADO RAILROADS, by T.W. Wilkins	$24.95	(23.75)
UNION PACIFIC STREAMLINERS, by Harold E. Ranks	$40.00	(38.00)
RAILROADS OF NEW JERSEY, by Richard Hyer	$15.95	(15.20)
ERIE LACKAWANNA EAST, by Karl R. Zimmermann	$ 3.95	(3.75)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke and Freeman Hubbard	$ 8.95	(8.50)
PULLMAN AND PRIVATE CAR PICTORIAL, by Robert J. Wayner	$ 8.50	(8.15)
RAILBOOK BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Hudson	$ 5.00	(4.75)
LACKAWANNA RAILROAD No. 2, by Edward Gardner	$ 5.00	(4.75)
KATY NORTHWEST, by Donovan L. Hofsomer	$26.95	(25.60)
TWILIGHT OF WORLD STEAM, by Mike Eagleson and Ron Ziel	$14.95	(14.20)
NARROW GAUGE RYS. OF CANADA, by Omar Lavallee	$14.95	(14.20)
MILWAUKEE ROADS WEST, by Wood	$14.95	(14.25)
HETCH HETCHY AND ITS DAM RAILROAD, by Ted Wurm	$13.50	(12.82)
THE RAILROAD SCENE, by William Middleton	$12.95	(11.95)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, by Beaver	$11.95	(11.35)
CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAM POWER, by Clegg and Corley	$16.95	(15.70)
L&N STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, by Richard Prince	$12.50	(11.90)
SOUTH SHORE INTERURBAN, by William Middleton	$11.95	(11.35)
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD K-4S, by H.P. Albrecht	$ 3.00	(2.85)
INTERURBAN INTERLUDE, by E.J. Quinby	$ 8.95	(8.50)
PENNSY POWER, by Alvin F. Staufer and Bert Pennypacker	$22.95	(20.90)
TRAIN WATCHER'S GUIDE TO CHICAGO	$ 6.50	(6.20)
HEADLIGHTS & MARKERS (rail fiction stories)	$ 7.95	(7.55)
MEXICAN NARROW GAUGE, by Gerald M. Best	$ 7.50	(7.15)
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES, by John H. White	$25.00	(23.75)
HORSESHOE CURVE AND ALTOONA, by Harry P. Albrecht	$ 4.50	(4.25)
MORRISTOWN & ERIE, by Thomas T. Taber III	$ 6.95	(6.60)
THE ULSTER & DELAWARE, by Gerald M. Best	$13.95	(13.25)
THE COLORADO ROAD, by F. Hol Wagner Jr.	$15.00	(14.25)
NARROW GAUGE TO REDWOODS, by Dickson	$10.00	(9.50)
SUPER POWER STEAM LOCOS, by R. J. Cook	$10.00	(9.50)
SNOWPLOW, by Gerald M. Best	$ 6.00	(5.70)
20TH CENTURY LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 6.95	(6.60)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, by Beebe and Clegg, Vol I	$17.50	(16.60)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, Beebe-Clegg, Vol II	$17.50	(16.60)
THE OVERLAND LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	(5.65)
DELAWARE & HUDSON, by James Shaughnessy	$16.50	(15.65)
GREAT DAYS OF THE CIRCUS, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 5.95	(5.65)
OPEN THROTTLE (rail-fiction stories)	$ 5.95	(5.65)
TURBINES WEST, by Thomas R. Lee	$14.95	(14.25)
GREAT LAKES CAR FERRIES, by George W. Hilton	$ 6.00	(5.70)
THE MA & PA, by George W. Hilton	$ 6.00	(5.70)
THE RUTLAND ROAD, by James Shaughnessy	$11.50	(10.90)
JANE'S WORLD RAILWAYS	$72.50	(68.90)
RIGHT-OF-WAY (Abandoned Roads)	$ 5.95	(5.65)
AMTRAK CAR SPOTTER, edited by Robert J. Wayner	$ 4.95	(4.70)
THE GREAT TRAINS, by Bryan Morgan	$35.00	(33.25)
CHICAGO SURFACE LINES, by Alan R. Lind	$17.50	(16.60)
INTERURBANS OF UTAH, by Ira L. Swett	$ 8.00	(7.60)
THE STORY OF EDDYSTONE (Baldwin Loco Works)	$ 8.95	(8.50)
STEAM ON THE ANTHRACITE ROADS, by Mike Eagleson	$ 6.50	(6.15)
NORFOLK & WESTERN STEAM, by Ronald Rosenberg	$ 6.95	(6.60)
1976 STEAM PASSENGER SERVICE DIRECTORY	$ 2.50	(2.38)
ACROSS NEW YORK BY TROLLEY, by Frederick A Kromer	$ 3.95	(3.75)

SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 20¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Total remittance must accompany order. Deadline for ads: 15th of third month preceding month of issue. (Example: April issue closed Jan. 15.)

FOR SALE 150 different railroad emblem watch fobs, $2.50 each. Tie-tacs, key chains, tie-clips, $1.75 each. Large belt buckles, $5 each plus 50¢ postage. Send stamp for free list. Dealers write.—Hoovers, 120R Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

FOR SALE: Historical Railroad Lanterns book, $6 postpaid. Order from author, A.S. Burkhalter, P.O. Box 41, Winchester, Tenn. 37398.

ROGER ARCARA, 1525 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned folding roll-film cameras, sizes 120-620 and 116-616; also reconditioned movie cameras for 16mm and regular 8mm film. Details for 13¢ stamp.

WORLDWIDE RAILROAD & TROLLEY SLIDES, early to modern, selections for fans or collections for business. Retiring after 23 years. $1 for lists, sample; specify roads.—35-Slides, Box 6098, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934.

BUYING RAILROAD COLLECTIONS and single items. I will buy timetables, brochures, folders, switch keys, passes, guides, cap badges, booklets, posters, books, dining-car items, lanterns, wax-sealers, calendars, signs, miscellaneous items. Single items and small accumulations purchased by mail. Collections picked up anywhere in the country. Write to Fred Arone, 377 Ashford, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

TIMETABLES—BUY, SELL OR TRADE. Send your want or sale list. SPECIAL—"END OF AN ERA" 1960's system tts, package of various lines, $15 value, $10.—Carl Loucks, 199 Wayland Street, Hamden, Conn. 06518.

SEND LONG SSE for listing of over 60 railroad lanterns. Also switch keys, locks, signs.—Kenneth Palmer, 128 Front St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

RAILROAD STOCK CERTIFICATES! Catalog plus beautiful railroad stock certificate, $2. Also eager to buy all stock certificates and bonds!—Ken Prag, Box 431R, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

PROTECT RAILROAD ITEMS, historical papers, emblems, signs, maps, etc., with clear polyethylene envelopes; 42 sizes to 25x31". Free listing. Samples 50¢.—Nelson, 306-R, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.

ORIGINAL DIESEL SLIDES for sale on approval (50¢ cover charge refundable.) Most roads. Too many to list. Also buying collections.—Romano, 3 Nightingale, Edison, N.J. 08817.

RAILROAD FIGURAL RUBBER STAMPS. Figures available: NMRA member emblem, steam, steam & diesel, and diesel locomotives. Others. Write for railroad figure impressions. Figure with name and address $4.95.—Lawson's Rubber Stamps, Rt. 4-RO, Salem, Ill. 62881.

RAILFANS in the know read Midwestern Rails, which has articles about railfan locations, branch lines with photos and maps, and current diesel rosters. 12 monthly issues for only $7.50. Write to White Publishing, 208-K North Stewart St., Genesco, Illinois 61254.

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE right-of-way/track/ station, maps, complete set or single sheets; also tickets, passes. Send SSE for details.—J.C. Benson, 402 S. Division St., Carson City, Nev. 89701.

RR. CAP BADGES. Send for list of over 200 old authentic badges of various occupations and various RRs. SSE assures prompt reply.—Utberg, Box 420, Edinburg, Tex. 78539.

BOOK SEARCHING SERVICE: It's possible to locate almost any book published; also pamphlets, guides, catalogs, periodicals, maps, history, etc—BOOK STOAR, 1111 Colcord, Waco, Tex. 76707.

COLOR DIESEL SLIDES. Thousands to choose from, representing hundreds of major railroads, shortlines, industries. Constantly expanding inventory from across North America. For current catalog and sample send $1 to Porreca, Box 22, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

OLD STATE, RAILROAD & COUNTY MAPS. 70-110 years old. All states. 13¢ stamp for catalog.—Northern Map Co., Dept. RR, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

C&NW RR MEMORABILIA, history, railroadiana wanted 1836-1976.—Alden Miller, 3212-34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

20th CENTURY LIMITED GLASSES. Attractively decorated in red and grey, 12 oz. size. Set of six, $12 plus $3 shipping.—Marquis, Box 68, Bryan, Ohio 43506.

NEW LIST DINING CAR CHINA, glasses, silver, cloth. Railroad & Pullman metal and paper items. Nails, stationery, tts., menus. Display or eat from finer dinner dishes. Long SSAE.—James A. McClellan, 1752 S. Wichita, Wichita, Kan. 67213.

WILL BUY RAILROAD SOUVENIRS, dishes, glass, guides, tts., writing paper, envelopes, metal, cloth, uniforms. Want Pullman items. Small to large amounts. Good prices.—Elaine McClellan, 1752 S. Wichita, Wichita, Kan. 67213.

RAIL HISTORY BOOKLETS: The Railroad Handcar, 40 pages $1.60 ppd. The Pioneer, Chicago's First Locomotive, 32 pages $2.35 ppd. Both are attractive, illustrated & inexpensive gifts.—McGraw-Hill Book Store, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.

NEW HAVEN 1977 CALENDAR, 13 pictures of steam, diesels, & electrics. $2.50 each.—Treasurer, NHRTIA, 280 North Elm Street, Wallingford, Conn. 06492.

PASSENGER CARRYING MINIATURE TRAINS, 3½ to 24" gauges. Steam, gas, new, used, custom built. Photos, brochure $2.—"TRAINS", 142R County St., Seekonk, Mass. 02771.

MICHAEL EAGLESON, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856, will sell two large cartons holding about 2,000 emp. and public tts. from 1950s and '60s for $200 plus postage.

TIMETABLE GRAB BAGS, all new material, back to early 40s, $10.25; clear plastic slip covers for public timetables only $7.35 per 100. We buy timetable collections.—Coval, 21 E. Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966.

WANTED: Steam locomotive number/builders plates. Especially need pre-Alco builders, plus UP shield, Pennsy keystone, NYC herald, RF&P, Frisco number plates.—Tim Moore, 3 Lincoln Lane, Simsbury, Conn. 06070.

TRACTION MOVIES in regular 8mm; also 54 b&w and 11 color subjects of U.S. street and interurban railways.—Kaw Valley Films, 2203 Downing, Hays, Kan. 67601.

LOCO DIAGRAM BOOKS, equipment rosters, named passenger trains book, maps, steam and diesel photos, timetables, magazines, misc. rr. items.—M. Brady, P.O. Box 206, West Chicago, Ill. 60185.

VOL. 3, LACKAWANNA RAILROAD: A PICTORIAL REVIEW, over 100 pages, 8½x11, plastic-bound, soft cover; filled with old postcard station, train, and right-of-way views, Hoboken to Washington, N.J.; old advertisements about Newark, Montclair, and Elmira stations; 1914 suburban timetables, Bloomsburg Division, 1928 public timetable, plus pictures of Kingston, Pa., yards and other scenes, including wreck pictures of train 26 at Old Forge, Pa., schedule of *Garden State Limited*, and complete 1928 system timetable. A splendid addition of rare material that supplements Vols. 1 and 2 (a few copies of these still available). Priced at only $5 each ppd. (500 copies printed) from Ed Gardner, 22 Garden Ave., Mountaintop, Pa. 18707. Order now.

EMPLOYEE TIMETABLES: Following lists 75¢ each plus SSE: SP-TT1; Misc. Roads TT-2; NP-TT3; SPS-TT4; UP-TT-5.—Railway Negative Exchange, P.O. Box 408, Moraga, Calif. 94556.

ALCO's DL-109 AVAILABLE in perfectly detailed tie-bar or scatter pin ($3.50 each), lariat tie or key ring ($4.50 each) in either gold or silver finish. Send stamp for handy catalog showing twenty more styles to Replica Mail Specialties, Box 2820, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

WANTED: b&w 620, 616 diesel negs. of CV, GT, DW&P, and WP & Yukon. Will buy or trade.—Wendell Lemon, 45 Wright Dr., Moncton, N.B., Canada E1E 2H3.

FOR SALE: Belfast & Moosehead Lake tickets, 10 different tickets, unused, $2.—Wilfred I. Hall, 26 Miller St., Belfast, Maine 04915.

BOOKS BY SHELDEN KING: *Route of Phoebe Snow*, 165 pages, 187 photos, $15; *New York State Railways* (Rochester, Syracuse, Oneida, Utica) 128 pages, 170 photos, $9. New Yorkers, add sales tax, please.—Whitehall Mail Service, 109 E. First Street, Elmira, N.Y. 14901. Coming in 1977: *Triple Cities Traction* (Binghamton).

MODEL RAILROADER depot plans, Nov. issue, Bath-Hammondsport Railroad history, 96 pictures, $4.95. Buffalo-Lake Erie Traction book soon. Fonda. Johnstown & Gloversville Railroad, $4.95.—Bill Gordon, 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

FOR SALE: Back issues Railroad *Magazine*, Trains, Model Builder, *RMC*, *Official Guides*. List, SSE.—Robert Taylor, 9421 Live Oak Place, #101, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33324.

READING STEAM LOCOMOTIVE brass bell, complete, in excellent condition, upright mount. $500.—G.G. Miller, Jr., 31 Sherman Place, Morristown, N.J. 07960.

SALE OR TRADE: My best offering of railroad dining-car silver, china, menus. Large SSE for list.—Charles Anderson, 2765 Quail Ave. North, Golden Valley, Minn. 55422.

WANTED TO BUY: steam-diesel freight-passenger car photos of International Great Northern, Panhandle, and Santa Fe, Yazoo & Mississippi Valley. Send list to Roy Felten, 6 Charles St., Floral Park, N.Y. 11001.

SALE OF VERY FINE RR. BOOKS, R&LHS *Bulletins*, and magazines. Revised list. Send SSE.—Wm. Dauterman, 5449 Paradise Valley, Hidden Hills, Calif. 91302.

AMERICAN FREEDOM TRAIN Locomotive No. 1 color print, 16x20, by Freedom Train artist Bob Lorenz, $6. Signed, $10.—*Midwest Railroader*, 1939 Whittaker Dr., Fremont, Ohio 43420.

Memories of days when Atlantic Coast Line's *Havana Special* parked at Ft. Myers, Fla., and plugged in there are recalled by Cathy Smothers as she looks at power outlet, now abandoned. The train would arrive from Lakeland at 8 a.m. and remain 12 hours before returning to Lakeland. Spanish-style passenger station, built in 1924, is seen in background.

Photographed March 17, 1975, by William T. Morgan

RAILROAD READING: *Train wrecks;* by Robert C. Reed, only a few copies left, $8.95 ppd. California residents please add 6% sales tax.—The Amatore Empire, Box 5965, Pasadena, Calif. 91107.

SP *BULLETINS* sent on approval. You pay 1st-class postage both ways. No list, state wants. 1920s, $5 each. 1930s, $4 each. 1940s, $3 each. 1950s, $2 each. 1960s, $1.50 each.—Railway Negative Exchange, P.O. Box 408, Moraga, Calif. 94556.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPHS, most U.S., Canadian, and Mexican roads, 620 and larger. SSE for lists by individual rrs. Please be specific.—C.W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46825.

ANNUAL PASSES: Send 75¢ plus SSE for Annual Pass Listing #1.—Railway Negative Exchange, P.O. Box 408, Moraga, Calif. 94556.

GREATEST BARGAIN for railroad logo drinking glasses. Erie RR, Erie Lackawanna, *Phoebe Snow,* Frisco, Delaware & Hudson, New York Central, Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line, Santa Fe. Any glass, $3.75. All nine railroads, 9 glasses only, $18.50 prepaid.—John Stone, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105. ●

Coming Events

(No charge for listing here)

Now till end of March: Winter Wonderland tour each week-end on Algoma Central Ry. Details from Passenger Sales, ACRy., 129 Bay Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada P6A 5P6.

Feb. 19-20: Winter Spectacular, East Broad Top, Orbisonia, Pa. 3 Baldwin Mikes, gas-electric car, 6 trolleys, 6 miles of track. Snow-sweeper operation, shop tours, roundhouse, station, rail auction, dinner Sat. night. Contact S. Shook, 160 Andover, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702.

Feb. 27: Annual model railroad flea market. Sheraton-Spokane Hotel, Spokane, Wash., 10 a.m.-4 p.m., door prizes. Adults, $1. Kids under 12, 50¢. Buy, sell swap railroadiana. SSE brings flyer and hotel reservation card from Swap Meet, Spokane Model Engineers, W. 239 Spokane Falls Blvd., Spokane, Wash. 99201.

March 4-20: Holiday in Dixie. Lv. San Francisco and Los Angeles by special Pullman on SP to Gulf Coast. Private bus in Ala., Miss., Azalea Trail, trip on riverboat *Mississippi Queen.* Info and rates from Pacific Railroad Society, P.O. Box 70, East Irvine, Calif. 92650.

March 6: Railroad Memorabilia Show, DAV Hall, 251 Washington Ave., Belleville, N.J., 12 noon-5 p.m., tts., pix, slides, lanterns, locks, etc. Tables $8 each, admission $2. Contact Metropolitan Railfan, 408 Elm St., Kearny, N.J. 07032.

March 20: special SF train to Barstow, Calif., daylight over Cajon Pass, photo stop, tour Barstow shops. Pacific Railroad Society, P.O. Box 8726, San Mateo, Calif. 91108.

March 26-27: Black River & Western steam excursion between Flemington, Three Bridges, and Lambertville, N.J., using 2-8-0 No. 60. Leave Flemington, 12:30 p.m. Adults $6.95, kids under 12, $4.95. Send SSE for flyer and tickets to Black River Volunteers Assn., P.O. Box 200, Ringoes, N.J. 08551.

April 2-3: 3rd. annual model rr. extravaganza, Hospitality Motor Inn-South, I-77 at Rockside Rd., Cleveland (Independence), Ohio, 10 a.m.-6 p.m., both days. Flea market, clinics, NMRA layouts, displays, movies, demonstrations, etc. $1 adults, kids 50¢, family max. $2.50 for benefit of ex-Reading 2102 and ex-GTW 4070. Write Jeffrey R. Brashares, 9617 Fernwood Dr., Olmsted Falls, Ohio 44138, or call 216 253-2753.

April 17: Railroad Extravanganza with 100-plus tables of railroadiana for sale at Dover Sr. High School, Grace St. (just off Rte. 15, south of I-80), Dover, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.. Adults $1, kids 50¢ (50¢ more if you pay at the door). Free shows, door prices; food available. Send SSE for tickets, details, map to Tri-State Railway Hist. Society, P.O. Box 255, Dover, N.J. 07801.

April 23: New Haven Railroad Technical Info. Assn. 15th annual reunion, 9:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m. at Wallingford station; movies, slides, model displays, dealers and manufacturers. $1.50 pre-registration, $2 at door. Send SSE for info to Ronald J. Hull, 280 N. Elm St., Wallingford, Conn. 06492, or call 203 265-2464 after 6 p.m.

April 24: special SEPTA, Red Arrow Div., Philadelphia trolley trip. Lv. 69th St. Term. 1 p.m., Media and Sharon Hill lines, return about 5 p.m. Reservations, adults $7, kids $3.50. Info from Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa.

April 29-May 1: R&LHS annual meeting in San Francisco-Sacramento area, visiting Pacific Coast Chapter's historic loco and rail collection at replica of Central Pacific depot in Old Sacramento Museum complex. Banquet and top speaker Sat. night, April 30, San Francisco. Details from Fred A. Stindt, chapter chairman, 978 Emerald Hill Rd., Redwood City, Calif. 94061.

May 21: National Assn. of Timetable Collectors Spring Bourse, George Washington Motor Lodge, Trevose, Pa., U.S. 1 at Penna. Turnpike (exit 28), 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; 60 dealers, buy, sell, trade, tts., postcards, photos, all invited. Query Tom Covol, 21 East Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966. ●

Pen Pals Wanted

(No charge for listing here)

(Mr.) Ira Blecher (age 23), 102-D Park View Apts., Collingswood, N.J. 08107, wants U.S. female pen pal.

Miss Fe Chiu (age 27), 61-A Maria Cristina St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, collects stamps, postcards.

George Parnell (age 44), P.O. Box 328, Ashburton, New Zealand, interested in railroads, stamps, photography.

Miss Durlyn B. Labajo, 2795 Talunoc, Talisay, Cebu, Philippines 6453, radio telephone operator.

Noah Cohen, 34 Hachayal St., Ramat Gan 52334, Israel, collects and trades stamps and first-day covers with special postmarks on subject of trains. Ask him about Assn. of Train Workers' Hobbies in Israel.

Miss Luz Goite (age 23), 1098-A Ponduc, Basak, Pardo, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, university student, collects stamps.

Robert A. Clark (age 23), Aldersbrook House, High Road, Manor Park, London E 12, England, employed by British Rail at King Cross station, will correspond with railman, same age, swap photos and info.

Ms. Rheasa C. Blanco (age 23), 51 Pelaez Ext., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, college grad, reads novels, collects postcards.

Sr. Miguel Rivera Martinez, Collegio Civil #458, Sur Monterey, N.L. (Mexico), interested in steam sound records, pix, slides, rail magazines.

Miss Belinda C. Dychiuchy (age 25), P.O. Box 136, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, collects stamps, postcards.

Ken Berghorst (age 23), Box 462, Edgerton, Minn. 56128, will write to male railroaders.

Miss Fely Pacana (age 17), 711-E, Bulacao Pardo, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, high school student.

Steve Mason (age 16), 8415 S.W. 19th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97219, interested in SP&S, NP, GN, hoboes.

Miss Rebecca P. Sanchez (age 18), 66-A F. Llamas St., Punta Princesa, Cebu City, Philippines 6401, student.

Miss Karen M. Schultz (age 35), 449 21st Street 1$6, Ogden, Utah 84401, graduate of a School for the Deaf, interested in tts., postcards, rr. photos, wants cards and letters from any railroad men and deaf railfans.

(Mr.) Dwayne West (age 23), 6133 Esworthy Rd., Ravenna, Ohio 44266, interested in weather, electronics; says he answers all mail.

Miss Sulpicia L. Ababo (age 27) and Miss Nellie S. Beltran, both 777 D. Jakosalem St., Cebu City, Philippines 6401, both collect postcards.

Mme. Ch. Jamin, 40-B 13001 Marseille, France, wants male or female pen pals. ●

For nearly 80 years RAILWAY MAGAZINE has been closely connected with the making of railroad history.

Published monthly it has a full colour cover and centre-spread, and a Panorama section of nostalgic and news pictures with comprehensive descriptions. Each issue carries an article on locomotive practice and performance; these are authoritative accounts of steam, diesel and electric locomotive performances, with illustrations and tabulated data. The contents are carefully balanced with articles on modern and historical railroad subjects—mainly British, but including overseas items.

Subscriptions post free, $18.20 per year ($31.50 airmail)

RAILWAY MAGAZINE

DORSET HOUSE,
STAMFORD STREET,
LONDON, SE1 9LU ENGLAND

Why do some people think Bud® is sort of special?

Go ahead and find out why!

(Brewing beer right *does* make a difference.)

Budweiser®
KING OF BEERS®
Brewed by our original process from the
Choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt
THE LARGEST SELLING BEER IN THE WORLD
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
ST. LOUIS, NEWARK, LOS ANGELES, TAMPA, HOUSTON
COLUMBUS, JACKSONVILLE, MERRIMACK, WILLIAMSBURG

When you say Budweiser®, you've said it all!

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

Chessie System GP-38 No. 3844 near B&O depot at E. Salamanca, N.Y., Jan. 15, '76.

John D. Bartley, RD 6, Box 66, Clifton Park, N.Y. 12065